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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Aristocracy of England. A History for the People.
By JOHN HAMPDEN, jun. London, 1846: Chapman.

THE task of the writer of a constitutional history is no light one. It is not merely a narration of political events that such an author is required to furnish, but a philosophical view of the part borne in such events by the different orders and classes of the community, and the gradual effect of the events themselves upon those different orders and classes, either in their inception or in their growth; and still further the relation which they bear to the development or the hindrance of that complex system to which we give the name of a polity. But, if it be difficult to write properly and fairly the constitutional history of a country, it is still more arduous to separate from the general narrative every thing which concerns a particular class of society, and to throw the materials thus collected into the form of an orderly treatise. For the history of a particular class is a very different thing from a history of the individuals of which that class is composed. For the term *class* represents an abstract idea, implying a systematic form of society, and suggesting certain relationships existing between one collection of individuals and another, as well as between the several individuals so collected; and, as we know that the form of any society, how systematic soever, is almost constantly suffering change, it can scarcely be but that the relationships suggested must fluctuate also, and render still more vague and fleeting the idea which is entertained of that of which the history is to be composed. Certain wide divisions in society, indeed, at all times, and under all circumstances, there will necessarily be; but the nature of those divisions themselves, the laws upon which they depend, and the character of the dividing lines, will vary with every period and every place of national existence.

One division of this kind is undoubtedly that which may be expressed sufficiently by the word "aristocracy." Not only is it indispensable to the formation of society, that there should be such distinctions as higher and lower; but we find that in all ages, and in all countries, the distinction of superiority once achieved by an individual or individuals, has been, to a greater or less ex-

tent, transmissible to successors. In most cases, this has been by way of inheritance, but that has been rather an accident than a property of the transmission. An aristocracy of celibate priests is not unknown in the annals of nations; and it would be found, upon analysis, to fulfil all those requirements which go to constitute a dominant order in a community. Still, birth has been the general mode of determining the transmission of social superiority; and while the *Eupatrides* of Athens, and the *longa stemmata* of Rome found a poetic sanction in the belief that

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,"

the very prince of English philosophers acknowledged with pride, that "it is a venerable thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or a fair timber tree sound and perfect;—how much more to see an ancient noble family that hath stood against the winds and the weathers of time!" Indeed, were there not, to a certain extent, this fixity of tenure in distinctions of rank and eminence, the revolutions of society would be far too violent and incessant for the comfort of any plain, quiet-minded man. Let us only conceive a state of society in which every human creature should be placed at his birth precisely upon the same level, and each left to struggle as he best might, to the highest place. When we approach in thought nearest to such a state, we find ourselves closely returning to a state of barbarism; and if we will take nature for our guide, we shall find such a state about as unfitted for man as the rudest form of savage life. Nature has very positively declared that men shall not begin life upon such equal terms; for she gives the powers which she has to bestow in the utmost variety and with the utmost disproportion. And she has established such dependence and sympathy between parent and offspring, as a law of their very being, that, struggle against it how we may, there must not only be the superiority of particular orders in the community, but that superiority must in the main be regulated, or at least affected, by the ties of consanguinity.

Such a superiority as that to which we have been directing attention will bear the strictest and closest relation to the nature and aspect of the times at any point in the history of a country. To look for a refined, humane, and enlightened supreme body in a region whose inhabitants are either just emerging, or not yet emerging, from barbarism, would of course be in the highest degree preposterous. It would be to expect the anomaly of a man's head upon the body of an infant. In an age, therefore, of brute force, coarse ignorance, besotted and degraded humanity, nothing will be found to dignify the higher classes but superior physical strength, and the impetuous lawless courage which stops at nothing for the gratification of any appetite, no matter how vile or cruel. All ranks and orders in the commu-

nity will by degrees become civilized simultaneously; for it is no more the case in political than in natural life that one limb outstrips another in its growth, and by its morbid thriving makes that of which it is a part a monster instead of a more perfect creation.

We have been drawn into these remarks by a perusal of the little volume, the title of which appears at the head of this article. The author appears really to be a writer of considerable power, a man of reading and study, not devoid either of good feeling or of eloquence; and yet this is as perverse, unfair, and ill-tempered a book as we ever remember to have seen. Its whole course is a bitter invective against kings, queens, lords, and prelates—in a word, against all who ever formed part of the higher classes in this country. From the Conquest downwards, every thing wicked or unjust, committed by any individual other than of the lowest extraction, is searched out and fastened upon for obloquy. The nobles of the court of WILLIAM the Conqueror are tried by the standard of modern times; and, as of course they fall infinitely below it, they are regarded as though they were the ruffians of an age distinguished above all others for gentleness and piety. This is not the way to write the history of a particular class. Again, the author seems to forget that there is a difference between history and biography. It is in vain merely to produce a catalogue of individual murderers, thieves, or tyrants, from among the ranks of those who are said to be of pure blood, in support of a theory that pure blood necessarily implies the commission of every crime. As well might we conclude that all journeymen mechanics are murderers, because the larger proportion of those executed in London for the crime of murder during the past year have been persons in that position in life. Nothing is a gossier and more obvious fault in logic than the attempt to prove that certain matters are connected as cause and effect by shewing that they have from time to time existed contemporaneously. What is called the old school of manners was remarkable for queues, powder, and a distant but exaggerated courtesy; but we never heard that the genuflections of the last century, and the elaborate formalities of the class once represented by *Sir Charles Grandison*, were the necessary consequence of powder and pigtail. We have now finished our own "say," and intend that our readers should satisfy themselves of the justice of our remarks by means of quotations from the work itself. The chapter from which the following is taken professes to treat of the analysis of pure blood.

It is an old saying that it is a wise child that knows its own father. We may rather call that a happy child that scarcely can tell who his own father is. So far from regarding a clearly traceable descent as a blessing, we look upon it as one of the greatest curses. What a throng of fools, villains, and spotted characters is heaped on that devoted head, which can count up a long string of ancestors! What a real blessing it would be not even to have known one's own grandfather! for then all the horrors and shames of the past are buried in oblivion, and no one could upbraid us with the crimes of our ancestry. To take the highest family in these kingdoms for an example—Who would have dared to tell our present amiable queen, if history had not preserved the names and deeds of her forefathers, what a race she is sprung from? What mad head would have dared to assert that her family annals present such a precious set of thieves, murderers—ay, murderers of their own kith and kin, quarrelsome savages, unnatural monsters, smotherers of innocent children, tearers out of eyes, burners of people alive, killers of wives, and perpetrators of offences that cannot be named; a catalogue of characters so leprous with crime and disreputable, that no honest sweep would care to own kinship with them? But history and a thousand pens have blazoned this everlastingly abroad, and has, thereby, if we will but look sensibly at it, for ever unweaved all the mischievous mystery and proud pretences of pure blood; and satisfied us that if any man has an advantage in this respect, it

is he who possesses the benefit of want of evidence against him, and, be his blood what it may, can boldly say—"Let him who can charge my ancestors with wrong, do it; but I myself can charge the ancestors of the highest boasters of high blood with crimes which ought to have been visited by the hangman or the axe." We do not mean to assert this melancholy truth, and one which, for the happiness and dignity of humanity, has been too much overlooked, as affecting only our royal race, but as affecting all royal and all noble races (so called) whatever. You have only to look through the most authentic records of any nation, or of any family, to convince yourself that there is not a descent of a thousand, no, nor one of five hundred years, which is not crowded with such a throng of cruel, bloody, unprincipled, unnatural, murderous, covetous, lustful, traitorous, and godless monsters, as put the bare fiction of pure blood to the utmost shame, and teach us that it is not in the past that we are to seek for the honour of ourselves or human nature, but in the present. It is not from savage and ignorant antiquity, but from the civilised and christianised present, that we must win genuine distinction, if we are to have it: it is not from others, but from ourselves. The course of true glory, like the course of population and refinement, turns not backward on the rising, but towards the setting sun. It travels not eastward, but westward. It rises not out of the blood-bedimmed shadows of the bygone, but travels onward into futurity, clad in Christian knowledge, and filled with Christian love, to establish, in deeds of true daring for general liberty, and in works of beneficence to our kind, the glory of true family renown. It is in personal merit that the genuine personal distinction lies. He who works God-like works for his brethren and his age; purifies his own blood far beyond all the factitious quackery of heralds, and the lies of fashion; he makes it a foundation of honour to himself and his children, if they follow in his steps;—of shame to them, if they depart from them. He, and he alone, is the Noble. He alone carries God's patent in his hand, the star of unflecked honour in his heart; all besides, number their ancestors by thousands, are but wretched impostors, and presumers on a lie.

The next is from a description of the aristocracy in the reign of EDWARD the Sixth.

This reign, in fact, is a point of time on which every man desirous of satisfying himself of the real and eternal nature of aristocracy, and of the actual origin and manufacture of some of the proudest of our present families, should steadily fix his eye. Here we have all the old intrigues, rapacity, and boundless vanity of the aristocrats again in play. Spite of the lopping and levelling of the last reigns, a swarm of adventurers and gamblers for rank and affluence stood as thickly and as busily as ever round the throne. What was worse, they were new men,—hungry, and without law or conscience. The old oaks were felled, and here was a prodigious growth of fungus shot up from their stumps and stools. The nation had got rid of its lions, and had got wolves and leeches in their places. The estates wrested by the crown both from the fallen nobles and the church, and suffered from the bloated hands of Henry VIII. to be snatched away from it, were now pounced upon by a crowd of hitherto unknown men. All these, the moment they became possessed of a good share of this booty, were seized with an equally ravenous desire for titles and power. We find a complete catalogue of strange names, and even where we find the old titles, there are no longer the old men in them, but dull and creeping things; asses in lions' skins; toads and salamanders, which had crept into the deserted shells of tortoises, and swelled with vanity to fill out, if possible, the space too wide for their reptile littleness. Amongst the men surrounding the death-bed of Henry, or forming the first council of Edward, were Browns, Dennys, Bromleys, Wingfields, Peters, Southwells, Parrs, Peckhams, Pagets, Dudleys, Bakers, Saddlers, and such like, all unknown to the old history and glory of the country. There was Wriothesley, who had grown up by vile sycophancy under Henry; and by laying what the historian calls his bestial hands on any vile job which the tyrant wanted doing, had gorged himself with church and other spoil, and grown to Lord Chancellor. There was John Russell, who appeared under Henry for the first time in any prominent history; had crept and wound himself by a most pliable sequacity, and now stood Baron Russell, Lord Privy Seal. This is the origin of the greatness of the Bedford family;

for this John Russell managed to lay hold of an enormous slice of church property, and to be made Earl of Bedford; as many of these men were made during Edward's minority, in fact, by themselves, into nobles and great ministers. But above all, the two families destined to play the grand nobles in this reign, the Dudleys and Seymours, were the most complete upstarts, and played "the most fantastic tricks before high heaven;" nothing less than the crown being able to satisfy their ambition. The whole of the proceedings of this reign constitute a most admirable tragi-comedy, shewing what aristocracy is and always will be when it can have full swing.

This is a general view of the whole class at a much later period of English history.

The aristocracy may be said to have lived and fattened on the blood of the whole world. Wars of all kinds, and for all pretences; wars for the balance of power in Europe; wars of aggression and slaughter of the natives in America, India, and Africa, have been the source of maintenance to the vast broods of the aristocracy, who did not find the whole land rental of England enough for them. We have fought for anybody, and everybody—for anything, or for nothing; for Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, Belgians; for any people that were too cowardly or effeminate to take care of themselves; for the maintenance of despotism and popery all over the continent; and for this John Bull not only has had to pay, but yet owes a debt of eight hundred millions.

The most amazing thing in nature is, that through all this long reign of deception and plunder, debt and degradation, the English people—a most active, matter-of-fact, and intelligent people—should have been deluded to the ruin of their finances, and to exclusion from the constitution, by the mere aristocratic bird-calls of glory! liberty, and a national condition, the envy and admiration of the world! But every sensible man who looks well into the actual state of facts, will see that *this constitution has long ceased to exist*; that, *there is no such thing as the British constitution*, according to the popular idea of it; that the people have no house, and the monarch little or no political existence, but is the mere gilded puppet of Darby and Joan. We will go a little nearer, and trace some of the most striking means by which this grand delusion has to this hour been so successfully kept up, and by which the aristocracy have contrived in reality to possess themselves of every thing in this country;—of the Church and the State; the House of Lords and House of Commons; the sovereignty in the cabinet, and the possession of all offices; the army and the navy; the colonies abroad, and the land at home; in a word, of every thing in England but the debt which they have bestowed on the people, and left them to pay, and the trade which they despise, yet continue to extract the sweets of, through the medium of taxation, in office salaries and pensions.

Towards the end of the volume, in a summary of the peerage, after a philippic against the houses of NORFOLK and SOMERSET, we have this:

Next in succession to these came the bastards of Charles II. as dukes, of whom the nation was saddled with six. Four of those whose descendants still hold that title, were the Dukes of Richmond, St. Albans, Grafton, and Buccleugh. The Duke of Richmond was the son of his mistress, Barbara Villiers, made by him Duchess of Cleveland. This son was the product of the most open and profligate double adultery, Charles being married, and this mistress being the wife of one Charles Palmer, who was promoted to the earldom of Castlemain, as the price of his wife's prostitution. St. Albans was the son of the actress Nell Gwynne; Grafton, the son of Charles's French mistress, Kerouaille; and Buccleugh was Charles's reputed son, the Duke of Monmouth, Monmouth having married the heiress of Buccleugh, and taken the name. The Duke of Monmouth was the son of one of Charles's earliest mistresses, one Lucy Walters, who was abandoned by him, and died in destitution in France. Such was the loose character of this Lucy Walters, that it was very doubtful that Charles was the father of Monmouth at all, but was confidently attributed to a brother of Algernon Sidney. On such dubious and scandalous extraction sit the honours of our nobility; such is the descent of the chief dukes of England. With these stands the Duke of Beaufort, descended from a bastard of that Duke of Somerset who was beheaded by Edward IV. for high treason. Then

follows the Duke of Portland, the descendant of William III.'s Dutch favourite, Bentinck, whom he enriched with English lands. The Whigs who climbed up in Anne's time were, the Bedfords, Devons, and Marlboroughs, whose victories, which gave them title, were nullified by the next batch of Tory ministers; and Leeds, the Danby of those times, who was impeached for bribery and embezzlement. Of such materials are the proudest descendants of our peerage! Had we room to go through the whole history of aristocratical creations, it would present such a scene of political wickedness and treason to the real interests of the nation as would stamp the character of this order with eternal infamy instead of honour. In a former chapter we have seen that the boasted peers of Elizabeth will not bear searching into. They were *ennobled*—what an abuse of honest English!—for systematic murders at the queen's command. In every future reign the vilest ministerial and state jobbing was the road to promotion; the vilest bargains were the price of such honour. As we approach George III.'s reign, boroughs were sold for titles. The notorious Bubb Doddington, in Walpole's time, had five or six to sell, and was made, for the use of them, Lord Melcombe. But we need not refer farther than to Debreys's Peerage, where it stands confessed that nearly the whole of the present nobility are a fungus race of George III.'s time, created for the direct purpose of crushing the popular voice out of the constitution. The plan was begun in Queen Anne's reign by the Tories, who, to acquire a majority over the Whigs in the Lords, prevailed on the fat and foolish queen to create a dozen peers; just as a baker would make a dozen of bread to satisfy his hungry customers. The example was followed whenever it was needful, till in George III.'s reign it arrived at its full-blown rankness. The book of the peerage itself confesses, that of the 522 out of 573, the full number of peers, 364 were spic-and-span new creations. The rest were virtually so. To cover the vile business of crowding so many nobles into the Legislature to outweigh popular influence, every pretence, however stale and far-fetched, of a descent from some old title was dragged in, and the title, as it was called, was *restored*. If we go into the claims of this manufacture, we become quite amazed at the ingenuity of heralds and politicians, by which a descent is made out; as, for instance, in those of the old baronies, the De Roses, Le Despencers, &c. The fifty-six nobles of Elizabeth is a most demolishing fact. If not fifty-six since that period, but 500 have become extinct, it is clear that scarcely a *bona fide* noble descent of Elizabeth's age exists. The old nominal barons, we find, are new creations; the Duke of Norfolk is not really of 1483, but of 1660; and the Duke of Somerset is not of 1547, but of 1750. There is not, we believe, a strict and unbroken line of title which can come within five hundred years of the Conquest.

The History of the French, Walloon, Dutch, and other Foreign Protestant Refugees settled in England from the reign of Henry VIII. to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By J. S. BURN, author of "The History of Parish Registers." London, 1846. Longman and Co.

WITH nations, as with individuals, virtue is its own reward, vice its own punishment. The moral government of the world is as clearly to be discerned by those who will look, as its subjection to physical laws. There was never yet a wrong done, but "the whirligig of time brought about its revenges;" never a generous or humane deed that did not bear a blessing to the doer. If there be one conviction more firmly fixed in our mind than another, it is this; every new page of history confirms it; every passing day's experience accumulates fresh proofs of its absolute truth. Happy for mankind will be the day when it comes to be universally acknowledged in practice as in precept, and states discover that they, too, are within the range of the maxim, that honesty is the best policy, and that truth and justice are wisdom as well as virtue.

A remarkable instance of this reward of well-doing is presented by the very interesting volume before us. When bigotry expelled from their native homes the people whose conscientiousness would not permit them to pro-

fess a faith they did not believe, England, ever the refuge of the persecuted, opened her arms to the exiles, encouraged their labours, and gave them protection. The result was in accordance with our theory. The blessing our country bestowed came back to her with rich increase. The people she had welcomed to her shores proved to be her teachers in the industrious arts that have since made her to be the queen of the nations. To the Protestant refugees are we indebted for laying the foundations of that gigantic commerce, those habits of methodical labour, those daring, but still well-planned, enterprises which, combining consummate wisdom with dauntless courage, have made her the wonder of the world, and compelled her most jealous rivals to applaud even while they envy.

The history of a body of persons who have exercised so important an influence over the fortunes of England, and thence over the destinies of the world, was a fitting theme for the work of the historian; and Mr. BURN possesses the further merit of handling his subject extremely well, and employing unceasing industry in his endeavour to collect from all accessible sources every kind of information properly bearing upon it. And in this manner, as the preface informs us, was the work designed.

"A Frenchman, a Briton, a Dane, and a Saxon, make an Englishman." There is more truth in this saying than may be easily credited. We may pass over our Saxon and Norman connections, and the unwelcome visits of our Danish neighbours; but we shall certainly find that the settlement here of the refugees in the reigns of Elizabeth and James II. will bear out this old adage, so far as it asserts the admixture of French blood in our veins; for it is surprising how many English families have descended from, or have been connected by marriage with, the French refugees. The industry, talent, and wealth introduced into England by the French and other refugees in the 16th century very considerably revived and improved the commerce of the cities of Canterbury and Norwich, and established there and in other provincial towns many new trades and manufactures, creating novel employments for capital. The Canterbury silks became of great estimation, the Norwich stuffs were famed all over Europe, and the Yarmouth herrings were superior to all others. * * Upon the settlement of these refugees in our towns, they appear soon to have obtained the goodwill of the townspeople, and the use of a church or building for their religious service, when they petitioned the privy council for protection. They employed many of the English poor, and expended large sums in articles of subsistence, always supporting their own poor (who frequently inhabited houses which would otherwise have been untenanted, or occupied by persons chargeable on the poor-rates.) The author's appointment, a few years since, as Secretary to her Majesty's Commission for collecting non-parochial registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials, placed the records of most of the refugee congregations in his custody. The facilities thereby afforded induced him to attempt some short account of the settlement of these foreigners in England.

The narrative opens with a brief account of the Protestant Refugees settled in England previously to the middle of the sixteenth century. From that period it formally takes up the story. It is not a book that admits of a continuous review or analysis. It will be best exhibited by specimens, taken for their intrinsic interest without regard to order of time; but we present them as an incitement to a perusal of the work itself, and not as a substitute for it. Here is a curious statistical document, which shews to how great an extent immigration had already taken place:—

1567. The Bishop of London's "certificate of the numbers of all manners of strangers within the severall wardes and parishes of the saide citie, as followeth, viz.:" the number of "Venetians 10—Italians 128—Frenche 512—Dutche 2993—Portingalls 23—Skottes 36—Blackmors 2—Spaniards 54—Grecians 2—" making 3760 to be the "sum total of all the

straungers aforesaide." To this account is added a list of those in the out-parishes, where they amount to 1091, of which 303 were in the precincts of St. Martin-le-Grand, 266 in St. Katherine, and 175 in St. Martin's-in-the-fields—(Burleigh's State Papers, by Haynes, p. 455). Of the above numbers (making together 4851), 3838 were Flemings; the names and particulars of these foreigners may be seen in the Lansdown MSS. vol. x. No. 5, where they are noticed thus:—

Derick Peterson, Cobler, and Anne his wife, born in Dutchlande, cormorant in London xxv. yeares, and have ij sonnes and j daughter borne in England.

Garratt Unkle, Hat Maker, and Ellyn his wiffe a Dutchwoman, of contynuanee xxij yeares.

Jeremino Jerlito, a preacher, of contynuanee ij yeares.

Jacolyne le Frenche, girle kept of alms.

The return in 1568, states the houses "postered with the greatest numbers of them," and comprises—

Master John Thomas, Doctor of Lawe, Doucheman.

Hubert Dovylley, a Caster of Pryntinge Lres.

James de la Forest, a Setter of Lres.

John, from the Hedge, Tailor, a Doucheman.

Lawrence Bourguinonus, Minister of the Household of Cardinal Castilion.

James Marchvillions, Minister.

The French Cardinal lying in Hans Hunter's House, hath to the number of forty servants.

In 1581, a representation was made, probably to the Privy Council, or to the Bishop, of certain strangers in various parishes who did not go to church; amongst these are Horacio Pallavicino, Evangelisto Constantin, Acerbo Velutelli, Gyles Pavelopelo, "Sr John Peter Kr" and the Ladie his wief cometh not to church, but saith he hereth service att the côte," Domingo Cussilari, Domingo de Camilo, Vincencius Faliolio, and Marcus Grado, Glassmakers (Lansd. MSS. vol. xxxiii. 59).

And here is another.

In Vol. lviii. No. 16, is a list taken in 1685 of the strangers in St. Martin's-le-Grand, with the names of their wives and servants, the church they frequent, and the date of their denisation. The summary is—

Householders	71
Wives	39
Children and Servants	51
						161

Stow mentions an old custom of interchange of civilities between the French church and the City authorities, since discontinued.

It has been customary for the Dutch and Walloon churches to congratulate each Bishop of London, and each Lord Mayor, upon their first accession to their dignity and charge, and to present the Lord Mayor with two silver cups, "du poids d'environ 105 onces—les deux." The ministers and elders afterwards dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion-house, and on retiring gave about six guineas to his officers: the purport of the speeches to the Bishop, in Latin, and to the Lord Mayor, in English, is given in Stow's "London," p. 439. When this congratulation was made in 1721, the Lord Mayor begged to be excused receiving the ordinary presents, since which both the present and the dinner ceased. This church has preserved very voluminous records of baptisms and marriages which have taken place in the congregation.

Their entire amalgamation with the people of their adopted country has been effected but recently. In remote parts, there were not long since legitimate descendants of the refugees, who felt a sort of pride in preserving their language and customs. It would seem that the people of each country resided as much as possible in the same neighbourhood, and at first their several churches were the nominal bond of union. Thus the Italians peopled and gave names to a locality in the very heart of the City.

The Italian merchants and owners procured that part of the city of London on the north side out of Tower-street, called Minchia-lane—to build upon for their lodgings and store-houses, as the merchants of the Haunce of Almaine were

licensed to have an house called *Guilda Teutonicorum*, the Guildhall of the Germans; the merchants of Bordeaux were licensed to build in the Vintry strongly with stone, as yet may be seen, and seemeth old though often repaired. A spot near Mincing-lane was the manor of Blanch Apleton, where, in the 3rd of Edward IV., all basket-makers, wire-drawers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops. Blanch Apleton is corruptly called Blind Chapel-court; it was a manor belonging to Sir Thomas Roos, standing at the N.E. corner of *Mart Lane*, so called from the privilege of keeping a mart there, but now called *Mark-lane*.

The Dutch artizans congregated in the city of Norwich:—

The city, which by Kit's Rebellion in the year 1549, had been rendered almost desolate, learned by the settlement of the strangers there in 1567, the making of those fine and light stuffs which have ever since gone by its name, and have rendered that city not only opulent, but famous all over Europe. By the letters patent, dated the 1st November, 1564, already referred to, Queen Elizabeth granted authority to the mayor, citizens, and commonalty of the city of Norwich, and to their successors, and to certain persons therein named, and to such others, amounting in the whole to the number of thirty Dutchmen of the Low Countries of Flanders, aliens born, not denizens, being all householders or master workmen, as by the said mayor and commonalty under their common seal should be licensed to be inhabitants within the said city, to enjoy the benefits therein specified, and exercise "the faculties" of making certain articles therein mentioned, and such other outlandish commodities as had not been used to be made within the realm of England. These Flemings first planted many choice flowers, before unknown in England; the latest they brought were gilly-flowers, carnations, the Provence rose, &c. —(Anderson's Commerce.) There was also a manufacture of gallipots, paving tiles, and vessels for apothecaries, set up at Norwich in 1567, by Jasper Andries and Jacob Janson, potters, who had come from Antwerp to avoid the persecution. In 1570 they removed to London, and presented the Queen with a chest containing their handiwork; they brought with them the testimonial of the Dutch pastor Balkius, and the elders, deacons, and congregation, and petitioned Elizabeth that they might follow their trade in London without interruption. "They set forth in their petition that they were the first which brought in and exercised the said sciences in this realm, and were at great charges before they could find the materials in this realm. That the same science was so acceptable to King Henry VIII. that he offered to Jasper's father good wages, and house-room to exercise the same in London." —Lansd. MSS. vol. xii. 58, 59.) In 1575, the Dutch elders presented in court a specimen of a novel work called "bombazines," for the manufacturing of which elegant stuff this city has ever since been famed. In 1570, the art of printing was also introduced into Norwich by Anthony Solen, one of the *strangers*, which was so well approved of by the city, that they presented him with his freedom.

Prior to 1762 the Swiss had settled here in considerable numbers, for in the vestry of the Swiss chapel in Seven-dials some colours are preserved, with this inscription — "These colours were presented by King GEORGE the Second, in 1745, to the Swiss residents in this country, as a mark of the sense which his Majesty was graciously pleased to entertain of the offer made by them of a battalion of 500 men, towards the defence of the kingdom on the occasion of the rebellion."

The industrious pursuits of the refugees were very various, and must have extended vastly the range of our commerce. Thus—

Among the French refugees were many of the higher classes. The manufacture of silk was from Spitalfields introduced into the liberties of Dublin. The cultivation of flowers was formerly but little attended to, and exotics were scarcely known in Dublin before the reign of George I. At that time the resident refugees formed themselves into a "florists' club;" they held their meetings for many years at the Rose Tavern, Drumcondra-lane (now Dorset-street), and adjudged premiums to members, as is commonly done in the present day in

England. The first literary journal which ever appeared in Ireland was established in 1744, by the Rev. Mr. Droz, who kept a book-shop in College Green, and exercised his clerical functions on Sunday. It was continued after his death by the Rev. Mr. Desveaux. The "History of Greece," by Dr. Gast, has received the merited eulogy of the provost and fellows of the university. The bar is also indebted to the legal knowledge of the French Protestants. The grandfather of the attorney-general Saurin was a favourite of William III., and his grandfather's brother was the celebrated preacher Saurin.

Then, as now, foreign milliners were much patronised:—

In the reign of Edward VI. there were only about twelve milliners' shops in London; but about 1580, from the city of Westminster to London, every street became full of them. Some of the wares sold by them were French or Spanish gloves, Flemish kersies, French cloth or frizado, owches, brooches, Venetian or Milanese aggets, Spanish daggers, swords, knives, and girdles, Milanese spurs, caps, glasses, painted cruses, dials, tables, cards, balls, puppets, penners, inkhorns, toothpicks, silk bottoms and silver bottoms, fine earthen pots, hawk's bells, salt-cellars, spoons, and dishes of tin. This trade in foreign articles gave rise to this quaint observation of an old writer:—"I marvel no man taketh heed to it, what number of trifles come hither from beyond the seas, that we might clean spare, or else make them within our realm; for the which we either pay inestimable treasure every year, or else exchange substantial wares and necessary for them, for the which we might receive great treasure." (Brief Conceit of English Poesy.) The latter of the alternatives pointed out by this writer was soon adopted, and the following manufactures were introduced or improved by the refugees.

Glass.—The Phœnician processes of glass-making were supposed to have been learnt by the crusaders, and transferred to Venice in the 13th century, where they were long held secret, and formed a lucrative commercial monopoly. The making of plate-glass by blowing was carried on to a great extent at the village of Murano, near Venice, and Europe was long supplied from this quarter with the finest and largest mirrors. In 1575 a privilege was granted under the great seal to James Verselyn, a Venetian, for making Venice glasses; and a glass-house established at Greenwich is said to have soon blown finer metal than that obtained from Murano. We are indebted, however, to the French for the art of casting large plates of glass, which was introduced in 1688 by Abraham Thevenart; and the French refugees improved many branches of the manufacture, especially the crystal branch; and for a great part of the eighteenth century large quantities of glass bottles were exported to Holland. * * * It appears that in 1589 there were fourteen glass-houses in England, and a great quantity of wood was used in the manufacture; there was, therefore, a petition in that year of George Longe for a patent for making glass, urging as an inducement that he would only have two glass-houses in England, and the rest in Ireland, whereby the English woods would be preserved, and the Irish superfluous woods used. —(Lansd. MSS. lix. 72.) About 1580, a grant was made (or prepared) for Sir Jerome Bowes to erect furnaces and make drinking-glasses and other glasses like to those made at Murano, "to be sold wholesale or retail, as good, cheap, or cheaper, than those brought from Murano, and yet as good in value;" and Sir Jerome was to provide all noblemen of the realm with sufficient store of drinking-glasses, well-fashioned, to be made in Murano or Venice, at reasonable prices, as theretofore sold for. This grant was not to commence until the expiration of a grant for twenty-one years to James Verselyn, dated 15th of December, 17th Elizabeth, and might be revoked in case of future amity with Venice. —(Lansd. MSS. vol. lxvii.) About 1670 a number of artists, the principal of whom was Rosetti, came from Venice, and were patronised by the eccentric Duke of Buckingham; and a manufactory was established at Vauxhall, and was carried on with great success in the firm of Dawson, Bowles, and Co. excelling the Venetians and every other nation in blown plate-glass, for looking-glasses and coach-windows.

To them we are indebted for the introduction of the manufactures of silks, velvets, gloves; for improvements

in the art dyeing, the weaving of woollen cloths, tapestry, draining, paper making, cambric, and the first steam-engine, invented by Captain THOMAS SAVERY, a refugee. But we must give the account of two of these introductions in the words of Mr BURN:—

Pins.—By two documents in the British Museum, it appears that for many hundred years prior to the reign of Elizabeth, pins were imported into England, but the art of making them was afterwards learnt of the Netherlands; and then the pinners and needlemakers of London petitioned that the importation might be restrained, alleging that 40,000*l.* worth were yearly brought into England. The Netherland merchants answered that the English could make good gross and stiff pins, but not so well the fine, used for linen and cambric, "and as yet be only half masters, and ought not so soon to exclude their teachers."—(Lansd. MSS., vol. lxxiv. c. 152.) The pinners reply that they can make fine pins, and by a new and slight invention, learnt of the strangers, two men would point more pins than one hundred could formerly do, having only a file.

Coinage.—The history of the coinage of the realm is not without some curious particulars relative to the Flemings, or Easterlings, from whom it is said was derived the name of our sterling money. These Flemings were brought here by Alderman Lodge at the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and by her order, "for the refining of o^r base coignes." Arthur Agade says he was "familyarlye acquntynted with Alderman Lodge, and this he told me, that the mooste of them in meltinge fell sycke to deathe wth the savoure, so as they were advised to drynke in a dead man's skull for thyre recure: Whereupon he, wth others who had thousersight of that worke, procured a warrant from the counsaile to take of the heades uppon London bridge and made cuppes thereof, whereof they dranke and founde some reliefe, althoughe the mooste of them dyed."

These extracts will sufficiently shew the nature of the contents of this volume, and the curious information it has rescued from perishing records.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By Captain J. C. KENNEDY, 18th Regiment. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Colburn. This will be a very popular book; for it is the latest and by far the best account ever given to the British public of the territory upon which France is expending her warlike propensities. It is written in a pleasant, soldier-like, off-hand style, that keeps alive the attention of the reader, and makes every touch tell. Some twelve months since, Captain KENNEDY accompanied Viscount FEILDING on a visit to the half-barbarous country, which they succeeded in exploring in safety and bringing back to us all kinds of useful and pleasant information relative to the place and the people. They landed at Algiers on the 8th of March in the last year, the very day of the terrible explosion of the magazine which destroyed so many lives. The details of this dreadful scene shall be our first extract:—

In the Place are the principal hotels, the fashionable cafés, and the best shops. As the night closed in the cafés blazed with light, and the square was thronged with officers, soldiers, sailors, Jews, Moors, Arabs, the wealthy merchant, and the poor colonist, the freed negro, the awkward conscript of the last "tirage," and the handsome dragoon in the soldier-like uniform of the "Chasseurs d'Afrique," mingled together in a scene of picturesque confusion, each following his own method in search of pleasure after the toils of the past day. This scene of gaiety was, however, soon to change. At ten o'clock we left the Café de la Perle, and lingering near the entrance with the sound of the music still ringing in our ears, were startled by a bright flash in the direction of the harbour; a sheet of flame rose into the air, instantaneously followed by a loud explosion, and then several smaller ones in rapid succession; the ground shook as with an earthquake, and broken glass from the windows facing the sea fell in showers around us. For a

few seconds a dead silence reigned; the crowd seemed paralysed; not a word was spoken; each looked round upon his neighbours, as if seeking information from those as ignorant as himself. Then, with one impulse, as if the spell that had held the crowd motionless had been suddenly broken, a rush was made towards the harbour. Everybody spoke at once; a hundred wonderful and contradictory rumours passed from mouth to mouth with extraordinary rapidity. "Abd-el-Kader and the Arabs are attacking the city!" cried one. "It is an earthquake!" "No, no, it is the English—it is 'la perfide Albion!'" exclaimed another, "who, according to her usual custom, has, without declaring war, seized upon the harbour and the fleet." "Nonsense!" answered another, "I tell you the great magazine on the Mole has exploded, and the light-house, the arsenal, the admiralty, the admiral, and all his staff are blown up." This last report, although greatly exaggerated, unfortunately proved to be but too true; upwards of a hundred fellow-beings had, in a few seconds, been hurried unwarned into the presence of their God. Lord Feilding having been separated in the confusion from Count de Goltz and myself, was one of the first who reached the scene, and met the survivors of this sad event; officers, soldiers, and sailors, mixed with ladies, some dressed for an evening party, and others risen from their beds with infants in their arms, as they had rushed from the neighbouring houses in the first impulse of terror: the moans of the wounded, alas! but few in number, were mingled with the screams of the frightened children; wives were seeking their husbands, parents their children, and friends each other; no one knew who had perished, or who had escaped, and in some cases this dreadful uncertainty lasted until morning; members of the same family having in the darkness and confusion taken refuge in different houses. Next morning, on visiting the scene, we found that a large building, situated between the admiralty and the lighthouse, was a heap of ruins; blocks of stone, huge beams, and masses of masonry confusedly thrown together, the portions of the walls that were still standing cracked in various places; the houses occupied by the flag-captain and the captain of the fort much damaged, the sides nearest the explosion blown down; the lantern of the "phare" broken, and the admiralty slightly damaged. During this and many succeeding days the troops were busily employed searching for the bodies, many of which were not discovered for some time; one poor wretch was found alive amid the ruins on the fourth day; and in one long room, used as an artillery barrack, and containing rows of beds on either side, nearly fifty bodies were found lying in death, as they had laid them down to sleep; and in the centre, the crushed and disfigured remains of a party engaged at play, the stakes before them, and the cards still firmly grasped in their stiffened hands. The fate of Madame *** the wife of the port-captain, was most melancholy. Whilst in the midst of her friends, who, to the number of thirty, were that evening collected at her house, she heard her child crying in the adjoining room; she hastened to soothe it, and, on crossing the passage from one door to the other, the explosion took place: she was killed instantaneously; her child in one room, and her husband and friends in the other, escaping unhurt. The daughter of Madame *** a little girl between four and five years of age, was asleep in a room, part of the roof of which was blown down; she was taken out of bed and carried from the port to the Grand-place still asleep, neither the noise of the explosion, the falling ruins, nor the removal, having awoken her. The total loss by this melancholy accident proved to be 101 killed and 13 wounded. The cause of the explosion will probably for ever remain unknown.

Algiers is rapidly assuming the aspect of a French town, with shops filled with the latest fashions. The flat roofs remain, and an interference with a national custom, as usual, gave more offence even than conquest.

From the second floor a staircase in marble and porcelain leads up to the terraced roof a delightful lounge in the cool of the evening, after the exhausting heats of a summer's day. Upon these terraces it was the custom for the women to appear shortly before sunset to enjoy the evening breezes, without veils, and frequently but slightly clad; the men, by a sort of tacit agreement, not joining them till after dusk, on account of each house-top being overlooked by, and also overlooking the neighbouring premises. The infraction of this rule by the

French officers, on the first occupation of the city, nearly led, in some instances, to very serious results, the feeling of exasperation being much greater at seeing a man peaceably promenading on his own roof armed with a telescope, than that produced by the actual presence of an invading army within their walls.

The following is stated to be the origin of the French invasion :—

On the 27th of April, 1827, the eve of the feast of the Beyram, the diplomatic corps were, according to custom, presented to pay their respects to the Dey. During the interview an angry discussion took place between the Dey and French consul, which ended by the Dey in a passionate moment striking the consul in the face with his fan. To this blow the subsequent events that have taken place are to be referred; it cost the Dey his throne, drove him an exile to die in a foreign land, caused the ruin of the Turkish dominion, which had endured for upwards of three hundred years, and in replacing it by an European and Christian government, must, sooner or later, work a most beneficial change in the condition of the northern coast of Africa, however dim and distant such a prospect may appear at present. This room is now used as a poultry-yard; and, singularly enough, as we entered, a cock strutting on the deserted divan proclaimed his victory over some feebler rival by a triumphant crow, an appropriate emblem of the real state of affairs.

Having rested awhile in the city, our travellers set out to inspect the interior of the country in a diligence. Here is the first impression of the place :—

Comfortable farm-houses, with stables and offices, have been erected, gardens and fields enclosed, and roads made, connecting the farms with the highway; European ploughs, and implements are seen in the fields, with carts and waggons, made after the national pattern of the French, German, or Spanish proprietor. Herds of cattle, and numerous flocks of sheep grazing on the hill-sides, are pleasing evidences of present prosperity.

At Bouffarick, a large military station, four leagues from Bledah, he notices

THE ALGERINE SOLDIERS.

The Zouaves were intended by Marshal Clausel, who raised the corps in 1830, to act the same part in Africa that our Sepoys play in Asia, and were accordingly at first composed entirely of natives, taking their name from a warlike tribe in the vicinity of Constantine. In a short time, however, the enlistment of Frenchmen into the force was encouraged, and at the present time there are but few natives, and their numbers are reducing every year. The uniform is most picturesque,—very large wide trousers of red cloth, fastened at the knee, strong leather leggings, laced at the side from the knee to the ankle, shoes and white gaiters; the jacket is of blue cloth, edged with red, and an arabesque pattern of the same colour, on either breast; the waistcoat is of the same material, and having no opening in front, is either slipped on over the head or buttoned at the side; both jacket and waistcoat are cut low, without collars, leaving the neck bare; a blue sash is wound several times round the waist, and the head-dress is a crimson cap, with blue tassel, and a long handkerchief twisted round converts it into a turban."

Here the country began to assume a more picturesque aspect.

ALGERINE SCENERY.

With the aid of gunpowder, a rough track has been made close to the river (Cheeffa), at present just wide enough to form a horse road, but which, when completed, will be a monument of engineering skill that will bear comparison with the Alpine roads of Europe. If the country continues quiet, it will be finished in about two years. On either hand rise the perpendicular sides of the mountains worn by the action of the water into a thousand fantastic shapes,—huge masses of rock fringed with the luxuriant vegetation that springs from every fissure. Each spot, each little ravine that retains sufficient earth, is green with the wild laurel, the juniper, the dwarf oak, and the olive, with here and there some tree of a larger growth that has withstood the storm, firmly planted in its more sheltered nook.

The oleander flourishes on each little gravelly bed by the side of the river, and a variety of shrubs and flowering plants, with a profusion of lavender in full bloom, grow on every vacant spot. At our feet the river, slightly swollen and discoloured by the melting snow, rushed, as it were, painfully through its contracted bed, foaming around the misshapen masses that, detached from the rocks above, impede but cannot check its course. Nor do the highest summits of the Atlas omit to send their tribute to add to the beauty of the scenery. Countless streams pour down their sides, and reaching the edge of the valley, fall in cascades from rock to rock till they join the river. At one point of view, where the rocks are steepest and the vegetation most beautiful, five are visible at once. The finest, falls from a precipice of 300 feet, leaping from ledge to ledge, here and there for a moment concealed among the underwood, appearing and re-appearing broken into a hundred streamlets that trickle over the mossy surface of the rocks, like threads of silver, until again united by some broader ledge, they together seek the stream beneath. At noon a halt of an hour was made to feed our horses and ourselves; the morning, which had been dull and threatening rain, had given place to a fine afternoon, bright though cold; another half hour's ride carried us out of the valley of the Cheeffa, we having forded the river thirteen times since crossing it in the morning. The real ascent of the lesser Atlas now commenced; the road, which had hitherto followed the course of the running water, now became a winding path cut in the face of the mountain through brushwood and dwarfed trees rarely exceeding ten feet in height. At the southern entrance of the valley we passed a solitary farm-house, and near it, several limestone quarries that had been opened by the French; the lime seemed of an excellent quality. The strata on the banks of the river had consisted almost entirely of clay slate, and, as we ascended, was replaced by a coarse-grained sandstone containing a quantity of fossil shells. After surmounting the first ascent, we crossed an extensive plateau covered with cattle and goats, grazing under the charge of two Arab boys; several uninclosed patches of cultivated ground were also to be seen at intervals. Another hill rising before us, still remained to be climbed; and, although not very steep, the road was bad. When once on the summit, we were well repaid by the magnificent prospect. Taking a retrospective glance over our two days' journey, east and west nothing was to be seen, save mountain beyond mountain, as far as the eye could reach; to the southward, looking through the gap formed by the Cheeffa, was the broad plain of the Meteedjah, bounded by the hills to the westward of Algiers: and beyond all the dimly defined horizon of the Mediterranean.

At Medeah the travellers called upon General MAREY, the French governor, and beheld

A NEW PET.

In a few minutes the door opened and the lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which although only a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance; he did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favour of his old acquaintances, and laying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face—a proceeding he evidently did not approve of.—Rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth—a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees.

They were introduced to Captain MARTENOT, who instructed them in the sports of the field, and from this spot they made an excursion to the Little Desert, to make acquaintance with the native inhabitants, and view the country. This was the general aspect of nature :—

In the Meteedjah grow the aloe, palm, cactus, and orange, which do not flourish in the Atlas, the trees of which are those of the south of France—such as evergreen oaks, elms, cork-trees, pines, cypresses, &c. The trees of the desert are the lentisci, the karouba, the juniper—which attains the height of thirty feet, and, in damp places, the tamarisk. In the chains of the Djebel Ammour and Djebel Sahary the trees are confined to the lentisci, cypresses, pines, and in the higher parts of the mountains, the ilex. In the gardens about the Ksars the fruit-trees of Europe and Africa are seen flourishing side by side. In the Meteedjah the palms are unproductive, and are not to be met with again until to the south of the Djebel Ammour, where they yield most abundantly, in a country where wheat and barley are scarce and dear, and the date is the principal article of food. Here nature puts on a peculiar aspect; the vegetable productions of the soil, the minerals, the birds, the reptiles, and the insects, all follow one type—the type of Central Africa. In the Great and Little Deserts the higher parts consist of little else than rock; while in many of the less elevated portions, a thick bed of vegetable earth, of an excellent quality, is found. In the months of May and June, the Little Desert is covered with herbs, affording an abundant pasturage, superior to what is then found on the Djebel Ammour. In the Great Desert there is no grass, except in certain moist places. At the end of June the grass dries up, and the flocks then eat it as hay. In November fall the first rains, and verdure again returns. Throughout the desert truffles are found in immense quantities, whitish in colour, and without any great flavour; they are, nevertheless, a *recherche* and wholesome addition to the table, and are even an object of commerce, when preserved by drying. The lion and the panther, which are tolerably common in the wooded mountains of the Atlas, are not to be found in either the Great or Little Desert. On leaving Taguine, the ostrich begins to appear, as well as a large species of antelope, called by the Arabs “louache.” In the Great Desert the horned viper, a serpent of a very dangerous species, is numerous; and there are also lizards, nearly three feet long, with a flat denticulated tail. The largest serpents are rarely more than seven feet and a half in length. When the sea-breeze, having passed over the Meteedjah, reaches the Atlas, its temperature becomes reduced, and it deposits its humidity in the form of clouds, rain, or snow; then, carried on over the Little Desert, the clouds are dispersed by the increased heat of the soil, only to be again re-formed on the ranges of the Djebel Ammour, and finally disappear as they pass over the burning plains of the Sahara. Thus, often in the Little Desert the weather will be beautiful, while the Atlas and Djebel Ammour, to the north and south, are both enveloped in clouds; and when General Marey's expedition crossed the ridge of the Djebel Ammour in the midst of a violent storm, the sky was serene and clear, and the weather lovely, in the deserts on either side of the mountains. As by these mountains a large portion of the moisture carried by the winds is intercepted, comparatively but a small share reaches the elevated plains beyond (except during the winter, when the rain falls in torrents), but being almost entirely dependent for water on what comes from the heavens, and that source being closed for the greater part of the year, the soil is burnt up, vegetation cannot exist, and these plains become a desert. In the Atlas and the Djebel Ammour snow falls every winter, and lies on the ground for several weeks. It has been seen on the Djebel Sahary in the month of May. But little snow falls in the Meteedjah or the deserts, and when it does, it melts almost immediately.

They found abundance of game. The following is a graphic sketch of

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE LITTLE DESERT.

Day was breaking when we were aroused next morning by the arrival of a party of the Arabs who were to assist at the hunt. The morning was bitterly cold, the thermometer standing at 43 degrees; and a dense mist covering the face of the mountains, rendered objects at twenty yards invisible. The sun was just rising red and angry through the fog, when we set forth for the spot that had been fixed upon by the Arabs for our first beat, where we arrived after half-an-hour's walk. In the mean time, the aspect of the morning was changed; the sun, having dispersed the mist, shone gloriously, giving pro-

mise of a fine day. Fifty Arabs were collected when we came up, a number that afterwards swelled to nearly two hundred, many of them mounted, who, having heard what was going on, joined us from the neighbouring tribes; a multitude of dogs was also gathered together, for where the brushwood is so thick, it is difficult to force the boars to break cover without actually coming upon them; and therefore, any little barking cur that has a tolerable nose is useful. The Rigbas are held the best sportsmen in this part of the Atlas, and are passionately fond of hunting; a single man will sometimes follow a boar for two or three days by the track, and kill him at last with a single dog, seldom firing unless within a few yards. When killed, the only use they make of the meat is to feed their dogs; and, if near a French station, they occasionally take it there for sale. Some of the dogs are handsome powerful animals, resembling those bred in England, between a greyhound and a foxhound—are courageous, and will singly attack a boar. These dogs are rare, and valued accordingly; a fine one being seldom parted with by an Arab unless tempted by a high price. The place of rendezvous was the summit of a wooded ridge, sloping gradually down to a ravine below, the ground narrowing with the declivity, and enclosed on both hands by the steep sides of the surrounding mountains. The twenty voltigeurs, placed at intervals among the Arabs, were formed in an extended line along the ridge, two of the guns, and all the dogs, remaining with them; the rest of the guns, descending quietly, were posted on the bank of a small stream that ran through the valley, at the points where it was considered probable that the boars would attempt to pass. When we were all placed, the signal was given from below, and the line advanced, making as much noise as possible in beating the cover, the infantry firing blank cartridge, the Arabs shouting, and the dogs barking. Nothing, however, was found; and the two next ravines were also drawn blank. In the fourth beat we were more fortunate; recent traces of the presence of the game were discovered. The boar could not be far off, and laying on the dogs, a dozen voices roared out “Haloof, haloof” (pig, pig); a general rush was made in the direction of those who had viewed the game, the noise redoubled, and the scene became most exciting. The ravine, steep, rocky, and clothed with thick brushwood, seemed to be alive with men, the burnished barrels of the voltigeurs glancing in the sunlight as they pushed forward from bush to bush, keeping up an irregular fire, each shot marked by a curl of white smoke rising from the cove, and the report repeated again and again, echoing among the hills. The Arabs, with their long guns, and the loose folds of their bernouses waving in the air, as they rushed at full speed over the roughest ground, mingled their wild cries with the yelling and barking of the dogs; on the ridges overlooking the ravine, the horsemen watching the motions of those below, to enable them to cut off the boars if they should take to the hill, were galloping about at a fearful pace over rocks and stones, now lost sight of in some deep gully, then seen clambering from rock to rock, their animals more like goats than horses, and having regained the crest, every movement of the steeds and their excited riders was visible to us below, each figure standing out in bold relief against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. Notwithstanding the exertions of the mounted party, the game crossed the hill into the neighbouring ravine, but not until a two-year old had been shot by an Arab, and a fine old boar severely hit. He managed to get away; and we afterwards heard, on our return to Medeah, that he had been tracked, and sent to General Marey a day or two after the Arabs.

Their exertions were rewarded with

AN ARAB SUPPER.

The Kaid, taking the two enormous dishes of couscoussoo from the women who had brought them up from the foot of the hill, where they had been prepared, placed them himself before us. Couscoussoo, the national dish of Northern Africa, is prepared as follows. Flour is wetted, kneaded into a sort of paste, half dried in the sun, and then granulated by rubbing between the hands; placed again in the sun, the grains become hard, and, when kept in a dry place, remain good for years. When wanted for use it is cooked in the following manner. A large vessel containing water at the bottom, and the meat to be dressed, whatever it may be, is placed on the fire; over

this, halfway up, is fixed a perforated plate, on which the couscousoo is placed, mixed with pepper, spices, vegetables, &c. according to taste and means, sometimes being quite plain; the pot is then covered, and the steam ascending through the holes in the division, confined also by the lid, dresses the couscousoo, which, when sufficiently done, is turned out into a flattish wooden bowl, with a central leg a foot and a half high. The meat boiled at the bottom is torn into pieces and strewn over the top, often with a handful of soft sugar; the broth is generally thrown away, except a portion, which, mixed with milk, sugar, honey, or butter, is poured into the middle when the guests have taken their places and are ready to begin; cold milk alone is, however, often used for this purpose. Asking the Kaid to sit down and eat with us, two parties were formed, one round each dish, and rudely cut wooden spoons, made somewhat after the fashion of a child's spade, being furnished to each person, a series of holes dug to the bottom of the dish soon shewed, by their breadth and depth, that the couscousoo was as good as our appetites.

Here they visited the Dahias, or

THE LAKES OF THE LITTLE DESERT.

Passing several douars and large herds of camels, &c. a ride of seven miles over the plain brought us to the nearest of the lakes. Nearly dry in summer, in winter and spring they are of considerable extent, though shallow, and at these seasons covered with innumerable flocks of wild fowl of every description. We visited four, situated within a short distance of each other, the largest about two miles in length by half a mile in breadth, and the smallest, which appeared to be deeper than the others, hardly two hundred yards in diameter. At the upper end of the largest dahlia we found a numerous flock of flamingoes, wading in the shallow water, and marching gravely about like so many soldiers in a white and red uniform. They were too wary to let us come within shot, and the banks of the lake not affording the cover of even a stunted bush, we were obliged to content ourselves with watching their manoeuvres, and when, alarmed at our nearer approach, they rose screaming into the air, their long necks extended in front, and legs stretched out behind, gave them the appearance of sticks borne along by enormous wings at a rapid rate. As they passed overhead, a ball fired into the midst changed the direction of their flight, and as each bird turned from its course the beautiful crimson of its glossy plumage shone more brilliantly than before, then after circling twice round, each time higher and higher, as if unwilling to leave a favourite spot, they darted off in a direct line towards another of the lakes some miles distant. We fired a few shots at the water-fowl scattered over the lakes in great number, but they were shy, and very little execution was done among them. On the way back to the douar, several birds of the bustard species were fallen in with, and three shot.

On their return from this delightful excursion they were escorted to

AN ARAB WEDDING BALL.

A curtain drawn across the door of the tent concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded by women. On the outside, between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men, with instruments like flageolets, and a drummer who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice. In the centre was a middle-aged woman, dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—ear-rings, bracelets, and a necklace, to which sundry charms and amulets, teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Koran sewn up in little bags, and various other odds and ends, considered as protections from the evil eye, were suspended; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal (the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders) confined the loose folds across her bosom; and a small looking-glass, set in metal, dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable,

except the eyes, which were large and expressive, with that peculiar, lustrous appearance, given by the use of mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress, and her finger-nails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained with henna. As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body, with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly. While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbours in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six paces wide, brandishing their arms, and, excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders.

Here we pause for the present, but we shall take an early opportunity of returning to these welcome volumes.

Scotland; its Faith and its Features.

[SECOND NOTICE: CONCLUSION.]

THE second volume conducts the reader to the Highlands, and introduces him to many beautiful and romantic scenes, which Mr. TRENCH has described with the glowing pen of an enthusiastic lover of nature, but which we must quit for matters that offer more of novelty. In these the second volume is not so rich as was the first. The author has introduced much that might with advantage have been omitted. He appears to have considered himself under compulsion to fill two volumes, and being unable legitimately to expand the notes of his tour to 600 pages, he has had recourse to expedients that should have been avoided at any sacrifice. Thus he has a long chapter on the History of Poor-laws in Scotland, citing largely from the parliamentary speeches of the Lord Advocate. Still more wastefully are some dozen pages occupied with an account of Dr. JOHNSON'S visit to Scotland, and extracts from BOSWELL'S tour. No less than four chapters are devoted to a history of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. These, it must be admitted, detract seriously from the merits of the work, as a tour, and must limit the selections from the second volume; but in such as are noted, we have consulted variety as well as novelty. And first, as a specimen of his pictorial powers, and as expressing the deliberate judgment of a gentleman of taste who has visited both the Alps and the Pyrenees, let us take Mr. TRENCH'S opinion of

SCOTCH MOUNTAINS.

I must here introduce a few words on the leading and characteristic features of the Scotch mountains, as they struck me on comparing them in my memory, not only with others of Great Britain and Ireland, but also with their Alpine and Pyrenean brethren. In line and extent, uninterrupted by plains, cultivated land, or human habitation, they seem equal to the mountains of any land; because, though of more limited

dimensions, geographically speaking, still they quite fill up and exceed any compass of the most far-seeing eye. As to height, they are of course far inferior to the great mountain chain of Europe; and they do not rear up the abrupt and sharp pinnacles, *les aiguilles*, either covered with snow, or shooting aloft in the bare rocky points, which form so much of the beholder's delight and admiration on the borders of Spain, and still more in Switzerland. In lakes they are far superior to any in the Pyrenees, and far inferior to the Alps. To me their chief charms, as a matter of comparison with all other mountains which I have ever seen, consist in their colour and in the details of their surface. Their colour is perfect, chiefly in consequence of the purple heather—the varied and lovely vest thrown over them by the Great Creator of these “everlasting hills.” It is at all times beautiful, and specially so when brought out into rich and bold relief by the rays of the glowing sun. Never did I see the “morning and evening spread upon the mountains” with a more admiring eye; and, to my mind, neither the verdure of meadow and pasturage, nor clothing trees, nor glistening snow, nor any other garb is near so lovely as this truly Scottish hue—almost claimed as their national colour, and that not without right. Again, the details of their surface are a constant source of pleasure to the eye. For once that a traveller enjoys a wide and extensive scene, he must and will gaze, perhaps hundreds of times, at foregrounds close to his path. Now one cannot look upon the face or side of a Scotch mountain without looking into a most picturesque intermixture of rocky eminence, sinking hollow, called here a “quarry,” or dark winding water course—with grey, brown, purple, and green hues most harmoniously intermixed. Such is my attempt, faint as it is, to transfer to my page a few of my own impressions with regard to these Scottish scenes: and I say to the traveller, however familiar he may be with “Alps and Appenines, the Pyrenean and the river Po,” do not listen to those who would persuade you that, having seen what Europe can thus offer, Scotland's mountains will seem tame. Do not listen to them! Visit the land, and judge for yourself; and I hope that you will have such a sunshine to brighten them before you, as that which now lights them up around me; a breeze, such as that which now, according to Shakespeare's accurate description of Scotch air, “nimble and sweetly recommends itself” to our senses; an atmosphere as that which now so sharply and distinctly marks every rise and every fall in the line of their border aloft.

At Taymouth our traveller relates this characteristic anecdote of

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE PREMIER.

I heard that when Sir R— P— was for the first time at —, he was accompanied in his shooting excursions by a “gillie,” or Highland sporting attendant, with whose skill and service he was much pleased. Subsequently, Sir R— bestowed some desirable situation on the man's son. On Sir R—'s return to — in a subsequent year, he did not forget his former mountain follower; and when the man called to pay his respects and acknowledgments, he was most courteously received by the Premier, who, after some friendly conversation, bade him good bye, and his Highland friend left the room. However, in a few moments after, the door was opened again. In walked the gillie, and said, without further preface, “I thought it jest right to tell you, Sir R—, that I've got another son. Gude day, Sir R—.” I should think that a Premier might not be unfrequently reminded of those words, “another son.”

The English reader will be interested in the reverend tourist's description of

SCOTCH WORSHIP.

As the time of public worship approaches, the precentor, whose business it is to lead the singing, and who in some respects corresponds with our clerk, enters his desk below the minister, and the books, viz. the Bible, and Psalms in metre, employed by the minister, having been carried up into the pulpit, he himself soon follows, dressed in a black gown, and commences public worship by giving out a psalm, of which he reads the whole portion which is intended to be sung. The precentor then sets the tune, leading with a loud voice, and the people generally join it with a full body of song, at about the second line. The old version of the Psalms is in use. An

extempore prayer follows, and sometimes, but not always, another psalm. Then one chapter of the Bible is read, at the selection of the minister. Then there is another psalm. The congregation stands during the prayers, and sits during the psalms. Then follows the sermon, then a prayer, then a psalm, then a blessing. At both the churches in Killin, the first service begins at twelve. The minister, in each, first officiates in English, and then repeats the same course of service in Gaelic. He has no rest whatever between the two services. Directly the one is concluded, the other is begun, each lasting about two hours. The fatigue consequent on this to the minister, must, I should imagine, be great; but I have understood, that the system appears requisite, from the people coming from considerable distances, having no place to which they could adjourn for the intermediate time, and being much attached to the plan. A certain number departs on the English service being concluded, and a certain number enters; but by far the largest proportion of the people, understanding both languages, and (like the Scotch in general), enjoying long ministrations, remain throughout the whole time employed in the two services. The only Gaelic psalm which I heard to-day was sung in a different manner from the English. In the former, the precentor read one line at a time, and the congregation then sang the line. This was continued throughout. It appeared to me, that the people joined in with more spirit and energy during the Gaelic than during the English psalmody: and I heard that, in general, those who understood both languages, preferred the Gaelic ministrations.

Mr. TRENCH notices with just satisfaction the substantial and respectable

DRESS OF THE SCOTCH POOR.

The dress and demeanour of the labouring class in Scotland is of that superior character, which causes an individual unacquainted with the country to class them as of a position in life different from that which they really occupy. It was very much so with me this evening; and, on my remarking to our friends after the meeting, that, so far as I observed, there were but few of the labouring class in the room, and that I was surprised where so many occupying a higher grade in society had come from, my error was cleared up, and I was informed that the majority of those in attendance were, in fact, of the labouring class. Good suits of black cloth were very general among the men, and I have discovered that this colour is adopted throughout the country as the favourite apparel for the Sabbath.

Our traveller has picked up a few anecdotes of Sir W. SCOTT: some of them we remember to have heard before; others are new to us. Among the latter is this of

SCOTT'S COURAGE.

The second story was one which illustrated Sir Walter's boldness and energetic presence of mind, when the display of such characteristics was requisite. At a time when he was advancing in age, and weak from ill health, he was one day sitting in court as sheriff, trying several poachers:—“and you know, sir,” said J— O—, (turning round to me with a “canny” look, and showing the *ήθος* of the gamekeeper), “what desperate characters those poachers are!” All the officers in attendance had gone out of court, each taking an offender away, as each case was adjudged. Still, however, there was one prisoner remaining—a very strong and determined fellow. This man, seeing that there was nobody left to watch or guard him, all at once said, “I shall go away;” and, suiting the action to the word, strode fiercely and rapidly towards the door. Sir Walter immediately arose from his seat of justice, hastened to the place of exit, which was nearer to him, intercepted the man's progress, and, clenching his hand, said:—“No! If you leave this room, it shall be over the body of your old sheriff.” The man was abashed, turned about, and went quietly back to his appointed place.

In conclusion, we take three characteristic stories of

THE CANNIE SCOTS.

How striking, free, and original are many among the remarks uttered in this land! I am hearing them continually, and only wish that I could retain more of them in my memory. Lord —, seeing an old gardener of his establishment, with a very old and patched, though not ragged coat,

made some passing remark on its condition. "It's a varry gude coat," deliberately said the old man. "I can't agree with you there," said his lordship, or made some equivalent remark. "Ay, it's just a varry gude coat. It covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man any thing; and that's mair than monny can say of their coat." Not knowing any thing of his lordship's state of mind or habits, I can say nothing as to the effect of the old man's rejoinder. Another man of his neighbourhood had some office connected with the river Tweed, in which the favour of a well known nobleman of this country, strongly opposed to the free church, was of no slight consideration to him. "What church do you belong to?" was an inquiry made of him. "I'm just a free kirk man," was the answer. "What will the duke say to that, I wonder?" "I dinna ken. I must think of the day of judgment, and act according to my conscience. The duke will na up wi' him on that day, and answer for me." Sometimes their sayings seem rather abrupt and unceremonious. However, no one acquainted with their language and character will conceive that they mean any thing disrespectful. A gentleman told me, that he said in the presence of his keeper, that he was going to take a certain manor, at a certain rent. With true Scotch desire for his master's interest, and regard to the purse, he exclaimed, "Mair fule you," and then gave his reasons.

We now take leave of these volumes, with increased respect for the author, but with an earnest recommendation to him, when he travels again, which, for his readers' sakes, we trust he will long live to do—and health to his bonny ponies to bear him!—he will be content with a narrative of what his eyes behold and his ear catches, and not wander into essay or history, which are quite out of place in such an enterprise.

POETRY.

Select Poetry, chiefly Devotional, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Collected and Edited by E. FARR, Esq. In 2 vols.

BUT for the zeal of the Parker Society, these productions of the rich and fertile Muse of the reign of ELIZABETH might have slumbered amid the dust of private collections and the piles of the British Museum. Every lover of poetry will rejoice that they have been rescued from oblivion, for not a few of the multitude here gathered are equal to any thing that usually finds a place in "the Beauties of the Poets." Among the names of the writers, how many are altogether strange to us! yet were they persons of no mean capacity, proving that numerous as were the poets of the days of Queen BESS, whose names have been handed down to us, they were but a fraction of the galaxy of writers that adorned their age. The antithetical style, then so much in vogue, is apparent in almost all the compositions contained in this collection. Here are two remarkable instances of it, yet is not the poetry sacrificed to the conceit, as it was in later days. The first is by ANTHONY MUNDAY, and is entitled

A DITTIE,

Wherein the brevity of man's life is described, how soone his pompe vanisheth away, and he brought to his latest home.

The statelie pine, whose braunches spread so faire,
By winde or weather wasted is at length:

The sturdie oake, that clymeth in the aire,
In time dooth lose his beautie and his strength;

The fayrest flower, that flourish as to-daie,
To-morrow seemeth like the withered haie.

So fare it with the present state of man,
Whose shewe of healt he dooth argue manie yeares:

But as his life is likened to a span,
So suddaine sicknes pulles him from his peeres;

And where he seemde for longer time to-daie,
To-morrow lies he as a lump of clay.

The infant yong, the milk-white aged head,
The gallant youth that braueth with the best,
We see with earth are quickly ouerspreade,
And both alike brought to their latest rest:

As soone to market commeth to be solde
The tender lambe's skin as the weather's olde.

Death is not partiall, as the prouerb saies;
The prince and peasant both with him are one:
The sweetest face that's painted now-a-daies,
And highest head set forth with pearl and stone,
When he hath brought them to the earthly graue,
Beare no more reckoning than the poorest slaue.

The wealthy chuffe, that makes his gold his god,
And scrapes and scratches all the mucke he may,
And with the world doth play auen and od,
When death thinks good to take him hence away,
Hath no more ritches in his winding-sheete
Then the poore soule that sterued in the streete.

Vnhappie man! that runneth on thy race,
Not minding where thy crazed bones must rest:
But woe to thee that doost forget the place,
Purchast for thee to lue amongst the blest!
Spend then thy life in such a good regard,
That Christe's blessing may be thy reward.

The other is from the pen of GIFFREY WHITNEY, and is one of a series of emblems, with quaint woodcuts.

EMBLEME XII.

Motto—SUPER EST QUOD SUPRA EST.

Adve, deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;
Nowe others with thy shewes delude; my hope in heauen doth rest.

Inlarged as followeth.

Even as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall;
So is our state: now here, now hence we passe:
For Time attendes with shredding sithe for all,
And Deathe at lengthe both oulde and yonge doth strike,
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swift our race dothe runne,
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee;
Then shall wee know, when that this life is donne,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see.

For here wee are but straungers, that must flitte:
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte,
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past,
Resigne this worlde, and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe that leades where ioyes shall last;
And whilst they maye, there treasure vp their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for euermore.

This worlde must chaunge: that worlde shall still indure:
Here pleasures fade; there shall they endlesse bee:
Here man doth sinne; and there hee shall bee pure:
Here deathe hee tastes; and there shall neuer die:
Here hath hee griefe; and there shall ioyes possesse,
As none hath scene, nor anie harte can gesse.

There is a strain of lofty sentiment in this, by WILLIAM HUNNIS, who was chapel-master to the Queen.

GRAY HEARES.

These heares of age are messengers,
Which bidde me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the barbingers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I ioie that you may see
Upon my head such heares to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound.
Whose musicke is harmonically:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I ioie that you may see
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares have
No worse them take then I haue ment:
That after they be layde in graue,
Their soules may ioie their liues well spent.
God graunt likewise, that you may see
Upon your head such heares to be,

Lastly, let us take a short poem by SAMUEL ROWLANDS. It is very characteristic.

CHRIST TO THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM.
Weepe not, but weepe; stint tears, shower eies;
Cense sorrowes, yet begin lament:
Weepe for your children and allies;
Weepe not for me, 'tis tears mispent:
Bewaile the offspring of your wombe,
Sentenc'd succeeding vengeance doome.

No cause you should my case bemone;
My death's the death of Death and Hell:
Great cause you haue to weepe your owne,
And rue the cittle where they dwell:
Know how to weepe when griefes complaine,
Or teares and sighs are meere vaine.

If this be done vnto the tree,
Green in perfection's perfect prime,
In what state shall the barren bee
That's iuicellesse, drie, and spent by time?
When thus they fell downe fruitfull greene.
Where shall the fruitlesse stock be seene?

This was reply without demand
To tongues, eies, hearts, mute, wet, and weake,
Vnlesse by teares we vnderstand
That waterie eies haue power to speake:
Their weeping spake to Jesus's cares;
He turn'd about, and answered teares.

Where sinne-stain'd Adam first was plast,
Three kind of trees were growing there:
The first was for delicious tast,
Fruitfull, ordained food to beare:
Life's arbour next, which grace did fill;
And knowledge-tree of good and ill.

Where, sinne's hie ransome, Iesus di'de,
Three trees vpon that dunghill stood:
One greene with grace; the other dri'de
Bearing two theewes, the bad and good:
In midst, the tree of life, the crosse,
Bare Adam's guilt, restored his losse.

Great negligence, great lone and paines,
First gardner had, last did supplie:
His tree was watred from his veines;
In Paradise they carelesse die:
His blood for his bath moisture bin;
His thornes a hedge to guard it in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was one of the favourites of fortune. Living, he enjoyed a fame very much greater than his merits; his death was mourned almost as a national calamity. Yet already does impartial history survey his public career and peruse his speeches and his writings, and wonder upon what foundation it could have been that his repute rested. Tried by his acts—and upon a man's deeds only will posterity pronounce—nothing appears to justify the homage so liberally bestowed by his contemporaries. In what, then, lay the secret of his success?

It must have been the result of a combination of attractive personal qualities and happy accidents that placed him in positions where they could be turned to the best account. Hundreds of greater men adorn their generation, and pass away unknown in life and unremembered in death. Or, it may be, that he actually possessed mental powers far beyond those which he unveiled to the public gaze,—whose glories were revealed only to his friends, who measured their applause rather by what they believed to be his capacity than by the sum of his performance. Such instances are by no means rare in political and social annals. It is not wonderful that the man thus pitched upon to be the idol of his country or his clique, should be encouraged to in-

dulge whatever indolence his temperament might occasion. He will dread to do, lest imperfect action should throw a shadow over the glory already accorded. Moreover, there is wanting the stimulus to exertion, when the crowd give a man credit for unuttered wisdom and achievements that lie in contemplation. This was the position, and this the character of Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH; and hence the inferiority of the works he has left behind him to the fame that encircled him in his life.

He possessed a faculty which almost invariably produces a false estimate of a man's intellect by his personal acquaintances. He was gifted with an amazing memory, and was enabled to reproduce whatever he had heard or read, whenever required, and almost without an effort. By most persons this power is mistaken for those loftier mental endowments that are associated with a vivid imagination and aptitude for reasoning. A man's true worth consists in the thoughts of his own which he can bring to bear upon a subject; yet does the repetition of the thoughts of others commonly pass in the world for a higher order of merit. All can understand the one; it needs some intelligence to set a true value upon the other.

The three volumes before us contain Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH's miscellaneous works, chiefly contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." They open with the much lauded "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," which appeared in the introduction to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." But this essay, so much lauded, is really a very second-rate production. In Germany it would have been thrown aside as containing no more than is known to every man there having the slightest pretensions to the character of a scholar. It is esteemed a prodigy of learning in England, because there, even he who calls himself educated cares not to confess himself ignorant of Philosophy. It is remarkable alike for its needless details and grave omissions.

His Discourse on "the Law of Nature and Nations" is one of his most valuable productions. But he wrote it *con amore*. He was enough of a lawyer to enter into the spirit of a legal essay, while the tendencies of his mind, his studies, his tastes, led him to prefer those branches of the law which partake of the nature of a science, and are founded on fixed and universal principles. The second volume is entirely occupied with reviews, and the third with speeches, one at the Bar in defence of PELTIER, the rest in the House of Commons. The impression made upon us by the perusal of these happiest productions of his oratory is that of pleasure at the graceful manner—the well-turned sentences—the perfect composition—and of disappointment with the matter, which is for the most part weak and unsatisfying. It does not seem to come fresh from the depths of the heart, but to be dressed and decked out for show; a smart fire but no shot, like a regiment on a field-day.

With all its defects, the *Dissertation* is, perhaps, the best of his works. It is certainly the most original, and the most carefully written; and with two or three passages from this, we will close the present notice of a work which can scarcely hope for such popularity as it would have commanded immediately after the death of the author, when his mere name would have given to it attractions which its substantial merits will not offer. Admirable are these comments on

THE UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Those who have most earnestly inculcated the doctrine of Utility have given another notable example of the very vulgar prejudice which treats the unseen as insignificant. Tucker is the only one of them who occasionally considers that most important effect of human conduct which consists in its action on the frame of the mind, by fitting its faculties and sensibilities for their appointed purpose. A razor or a penknife would well enough cut cloth or meat; but if they were often so used,

they would be entirely spoiled. The same sort of observation is much more strongly applicable to habitual dispositions, which, if they be spoiled, we have no certain means of replacing or mending. Whatever act, therefore, discomposes the moral machinery of Mind, is more injurious to the welfare of the agent than most disasters from without can be; for the latter are commonly limited and temporary—the evil of the former spreads through the whole of life. Health of mind, as well as of body, is not only productive in itself of a greater sum of enjoyment than arises from other sources, but is the only condition of our frame in which we are capable of receiving pleasure from without. Hence it appears how incredibly absurd it is to prefer, on grounds of calculation, a present interest to the preservation of those mental habits on which our well-being depends. When they are most moral, they may often prevent us from obtaining advantages. But it would be as absurd to desire to lower them for that reason, as it would be to weaken the body, lest its strength should render it more liable to contagious disorders of rare occurrence. It is, on the other hand, impossible to combine the benefit of the general habit with the advantages of occasional deviation; for every such deviation either produces remorse, or weakens the habit, and prepares the way for its gradual destruction. He who obtains a fortune by the undetected forgery of a will, may indeed be honest in his other acts; but if he had such a scorn of fraud before as he must himself allow to be generally useful, he must suffer a severe punishment from contrition; and he will be haunted by the fears of one who has lost his own security for his good conduct. In all cases, if they be well-examined, his loss, by the distemper of his mental frame, will outweigh the profits of his vice.

Hear him again, on

HOBBS.

A permanent foundation of his fame remains in his admirable style, which seems to be the very perfection of didactic language. Short, clear, precise, pithy, his language never has more than one meaning, which it never requires a second thought to find. By the help of his exact method, it takes so firm a hold on the mind, that it will not allow attention to slacken. His little tract on Human Nature has scarcely an ambiguous or a needless word. He has so great a power of always choosing the most significant term, that he is never reduced to the poor expedient of using many in its stead. He had so thoroughly studied the genius of the language, and knew so well how to steer between pedantry and vulgarity, that two centuries have not superannuated probably more than a dozen of his words. His expressions are so luminous, that he is clear without the help of illustration. Perhaps no writer of any age or nation on subjects so abstruse has manifested an equal power of engraving his thoughts on the mind of his readers. He seems never to have taken a word for ornament or pleasure; and he deals with eloquence and poetry as the natural philosopher who explains the mechanism of children's toys or deigns to contrive them. Yet his style so stimulates attention that it never tires; and, to those who are unacquainted with the subject, appears to have as much spirit as can be safely blended with Reason. He compresses his thoughts so unaffectedly, and yet so tersely, as to produce occasionally maxims which excite the same agreeable surprise with wit, and have become a sort of philosophical proverbs; the success of which he partly owed to the suitableness of such forms of expression to his dictatorial nature.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAPTESBURY.

His demonstration of the utility of Virtue to the individual, far surpasses all other attempts of the same nature; being founded, not on a calculation of outward advantages or inconveniences, alike uncertain, precarious, and degrading, but on the unshaken foundation of the delight which is of the very essence of social affection and virtuous sentiment; on the dreadful agony inflicted by all malevolent passions upon every soul that harbours the hellish inmates; on the all-important truth that to love is to be happy, and to hate is to be miserable,—that affection is its own reward, and ill-will its own punishment; or, as it has been more simply and more affectingly, as well as with more sacred authority, taught, that “to give is more blessed than to receive,” and that to love one another is the sum of all human virtue. The relation of Religion to Morality, as far as it can be discovered by human

reason, was never more justly or more beautifully stated. If he represents the mere hope of reward and dread of punishment as selfish, and therefore inferior motives to virtue and piety, he distinctly owns their efficacy in reclaiming from vice, in rousing from lethargy, and in guarding a feeble penitence; in all which he coincides with illustrious and zealous Christian writers. “If by the hope of reward be understood the love and desire of virtuous enjoyment, or of the very practice and exercise of virtue in another life; an expectation or hope of this kind is so far from being derogatory from virtue, that it is an evidence of our loving it the more sincerely, and for its own sake.”

And, to conclude, take this sketch of

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BUTLER.

His great work on the Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature, though only a commentary on the singularly original and pregnant passage of Origen, which is so honestly prefixed to it as a motto, is, notwithstanding, the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion. It is entirely beyond our present scope. His ethical discussions are contained in those deep and sometimes dark dissertations which he preached at the chapel of the Rolls, and afterwards published under the name of “Sermons,” while he was yet fresh from the schools, and full of that courage with which youth often delights to exercise its strength in abstract reasoning, and to push its faculties into the recesses of abstruse speculation. But his youth was that of a sober and mature mind, early taught by Nature to discern the boundaries of Knowledge, and to abstain from fruitless efforts to reach inaccessible ground. In these “Sermons” he has taught truths more capable of being exactly distinguished from the doctrines of his predecessors, more satisfactorily established, more comprehensively applied to particulars, more rationally connected with each other, and therefore more worthy of the name of “discovery,” than any with which we are acquainted;—if we ought not, with some hesitation, to except the first steps of the Grecian philosophers towards a theory of morals. It is a peculiar hardship, that the extreme ambiguity of language, an obstacle which it is one of the chief merits of an ethical philosopher to vanquish, is one of the circumstances which prevent men from seeing the justice of applying to him so ambitious a term as “discoverer.”

Wright's *Essays on the Literature, Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE turn now to the second volume of this very interesting and curious miscellany, which will be found even more amusing than the one to which our notice was limited last week. This volume contains eleven essays. The first treats of “Friar Rush and the Frolicsome Elves,” in which are collected the fairy legends of our forefathers. One of them will be a specimen of the whole.

THE ELF MONK.

A story equally curious, as shewing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Traves, told by our English chronicler John of Bromton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father Abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf (*puerulum nigrum mirandæ*

parvitas) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished.

From the Welsh Marshes Mr. WRIGHT has imported a quaint story, which he heard from the narrator himself. One of the party had accused MORGAN JONES of dealing with Satan.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

"Why yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months." "Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?" "Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story. "Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honour for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook, shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the devil himself? But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honour, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'You're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he 'D—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

This amusing paper is followed by a more serious one on "Dunlop's History of Fiction," and that by an essay "on the History and Transmission of Popular Stories." "The Poetry of History" ruthlessly sweeps away many pretty stories which in our boyhood were received as undoubted truths, because they were soberly related in History, and that we were told to venerate as absolute truth, while fiction we were taught to shun. One of these is too fanciful to be lost, so we snatch it from the wreck:—

A wealthy English baron, who had extensive possessions in England and Wales, had three sons; when lying on his death-bed, he called them to him and said—"If you were compelled to become birds, tell me what bird each of you would choose to resemble?" The eldest said, "I would be a hawk, because it is a noble bird, and lives by rapine." The second said, "I would be a starling, because it is a social bird and flies in coveys." The youngest said, "And I would be a swan, because it has a long neck, so that if I had anything in my heart to say, I should have plenty of time for reflection before it came to my mouth." When the father had heard them, he said to the first, "Thou, my son, as I perceive, desirest to live by rapine: I give thee my possessions in England, because it is a land of peace and justice, and thou canst not rob in it with impunity." To the second, he said, "Because thou lovest society, to thee I give my possessions in Wales, which is a land of discord and war, in order that thy courtesy may soften down the malice of the natives." And to the younger, "To thee I give no land at all, because thou art wise, and wilt gain enough by thy wisdom." And as he foretold, the youngest son profited by his

wisdom, and became chief justice of England, which, in those times, was the next dignity to that of king. An old chronicler tells a similar story of William the Conqueror.

It turns out that ALFRED's visit to the Danish camp in harper's disguise is a fable! After this, surely there "nothing is, but what is not."

"The Adventures of HERWARD the Saxon" are the theme of the fourteenth essay, and the next narrates the Story of "EUSTACE the Monk," whose very name struck terror into the hearts of our ancestors. His tricks, his rogueries, his frolics, are detailed at too great length to permit of extract, but they will richly reward perusal.

"The History of FULKE FITZ WARINE," an outlaw of the ROBIN HOOD school, is probably but the incarnation of a character that appeared in many forms and places.

"The ROBIN HOOD Ballads," and the "Conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans," are next treated of; and then we come to an essay of peculiar interest "on Old English Political Songs." It appears that until the thirteenth century the political songs of this country were written in Latin or French; but at all periods of our history songs and ballads have been the popular instruments of libel and of praise. During the reigns of the first three EDWARDS poetry was much cultivated.

The kings carried about with them, when on their military expeditions, chosen poets to celebrate their victories; and we have an excellent specimen of their performances in the spirited poetry of Lawrence Minot, under Edward III. which has been printed from one of the Cottonian MSS. by Ritson. From this time forward we can collect a regular series of poetical attacks on the growing vices of the Romish clergy till the reformation; and some few poetical pieces by the monks, in their own defence. Of the latter may be instanced the song against the Lollards, printed by Ritson.

In the reign of RICHARD II. frays raged in most of our towns, and each had its own ballads.

We shall give an example of one of these, which has been printed from the Colee MSS. by Hartshorne,—a threatening notice which was posted over the door of the mayor of Cambridge (or, as the title has it, *billa posita super hostium majoris*), in the beginning of the fifteenth century; it is worthy in every respect of a modern contested election.

Looke out here, maire, with thie pilled pate,

And see wich a scrowe is set on thie gate,

Warning the of harde happes,

For and it lukke thou shalt have swappes.

Therefore I rede keepe the at home;

For thou shalt aby for that is done:

Or els kest on a coat of mayle;

Truste well thereto withouten fayle.

And great Golias Joh Essex

Shalt have a elowte with my harille axe,

Wherever I may him have.

And the hosteler Bambo, with his goats beard,

Once and it happe shall be made afeard,

So God mote me save.

And yit with thie catche-poles hope I to mete,

With a fellow or twayne in the playne streete,

And her crownes brake.

And that harlot Hierman, with his calves snowte,

Of buffets full sekerly shall bern a rowte,

For his werkes sake.

And yett shall Hankyn Attibrigge,

Full yerne for swappes his tayle wrigge,

An it hap ariht.

And other knaves all on heape

Shall take knockes full good cheape,

Come once winter niht.

But nowe I praye to God Almight,

That whatsoever thou spare,

That metche sorowe to him bediht,

And evill mote he fare.

Amen, quoth he that beshrewd the mairs very visage.

The reign of HENRY VIII. produces many. The following is supposed to be a satire on the drunken

FLEMINGS who came into England with the princess ANNE of Cleves :—

Ruttekin is come unto our town,
In a cloke without cote or gown,
Save a raggid hood to kyver his crown.
Like a ruttekin, hoyday, hoyday,
Jolly ruttekin, hoyday, hoyday.

Ruttekin can speke no Englishe,
His tong renyth all on buttyrd fishe,
Besmerde with greese about his dishe,
Like a ruttekin, &c.

Ruttekin shall brink you all good luck,
A stoop of beer up at a pluk,
Till his braine be as wise as a duk,
Like a ruttekin, &c.

The reigns of MARY and ELIZABETH have preserved but few popular rhymes. In the reign of JAMES they were chiefly levelled against the Scotch, or lamented the decline of "Old English hospitality." This is the progenitor of our popular song—

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;

Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;

Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb.

Like an old courtier, &c.

The "young courtier" is, on the other hand,

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

The days of the civil wars were rich in such expressions of popular sentiment, especially proceeding from the cavaliers. Of these a great number of curious specimens are presented by Mr. WRIGHT; but we must not be tempted further to trespass upon columns that have so many other claims upon them; we therefore take leave of these pleasant volumes, with a sense of gratitude to the industry that has collected such a record of the days of old.

A Series of Observations suggested on a Perusal of the Eighth Report of her Majesty's Commissioners on Criminal Law. By Mr. GEORGE E. WILLIAMS, Clerk to the Magistrates of the Division of Cheltenham. London: Stevens and Norton.

MR. WILLIAMS's office has made him practically acquainted with the working of the existing forms of our criminal law, and their advantages and defects, and enabled him to criticise with ability and acumen the recommendations of the commissioners. The subject is too technical to justify us in occupying any portion of our literary columns with the arguments of Mr. WILLIAMS, but we commend them to the serious attention of those whom they interest.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Two Corpses. By FREDERIC SOULIE. A new edition, revised and corrected.

LET not our readers be unnecessarily startled by the somewhat appalling title of the work now upon our desk; for, despite its grim designation, it is one of the drollest productions on which we have ever laid hands during our critical career. Whenever French writers desire to be really funny, they should never hesitate to select an English subject, employ English names, and describe English manners and localities; for in such cases they are irresistible. M. SOULIE has done all this; and, moreover, he has written English history, and boldly fastened upon an epoch in our traditions with which every student is as well acquainted as a churchman with his breviary; nor has he done it vaguely; for he has not left an inch of his canvas unoccupied, but has overlaid the whole tale with both character and action; and while we guide our readers through the tangled labyrinth of this most astounding story, we would intreat them to bear in mind that it has arrived at a second edition in the capital of France, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that it has been "revised and corrected."—Heaven save the mark! what must it have been when it appeared in its original innocence? Never was there such a specimen of the *facile est inventis addere* as this historical romance; and M. SOULIE, resolved to bend his back to the whole burthen of error and of falsehood which he has put forth, and not to shrink before the responsibility of a professed historian, pauses in the midst of his narrative to exclaim :—

A dread often rises upon the timid conscience of the author. He fears that he shall be accused of having flung together, at will, a succession of horrible scenes, as painful in their physical representation as in their moral development. These exhumations, these scattered corpses, these ferocious acts of men in power, echoed by the ferocity of the people; these youths intoxicated with vengeance, even to the forgetfulness of both honour and pity; this noble, who becomes an executioner; these brothers, who murder each other;—is not all this a mere ebullition of ill-humour—a black and fetid invention calculated to make the heart heave with disgust, to excite the mind to doubt, and to engender contempt in the soul? The author answers—this is not a fiction—this is not an invention—this is a truth!

Thus we have to deal with no mere novelist, and we must (and do) cheerfully accept M. SOULIE and his book upon his own terms. Did not our sense of the ridiculous, therefore, overpower the severity of our judgment, we should feel compelled to treat of both the one and the other in a very different tone from that which we now assume, and to exclaim loudly and indignantly against the wilfully-false and premeditatedly-mischievous misstatements of this most unvaracious chronicler. But, as we before remarked, the vice which, indulged in moderation, would have excited our critical ire in no slight degree, riots with such unbounded and wanton license through the whole work, that it negatives its own poison; and we feel the wrinkles of our brow relax, and the muscles of our mouth quiver with merriment, where the intention of the author has evidently been to harrow our very soul.

The tale,—or rather, after the assertion of M. SOULIE, we should say, the "chronicle," opens in the house of Barkstead, the regicide, on the 30th of January, 1649; and in order to display his intimate acquaintance with the social observances of the country of which he writes, the author commences by causing the young and beautiful wife of the Roundhead colonel, to submit to the invectives of her maid "Molly," because she has made no preparation to celebrate "the birthday of Mr. Barkstead's saint;" while she, on her part, has been busied in attiring the heir of the house in his best suit.

And now let us hear M. SOULIE upon the costume of an English child in the seventeenth century.

"Is he ready?" eagerly asked Mistress Barkstead, anxious to change the conversation.

"Yes; and looks so nice! I have put on his little light blue coat, his fire-coloured stockings of Flanders thread, his point lace collar, and his large grey beaver hat, with two beautiful orange and black feathers; and he has by his side the little dagger that Colonel Okey gave him."

We should like to see this costume on canvas. Its novelty at least would be attractive. In the family of Colonel Barkstead lives an orphan niece, the daughter of his dead brother, who is a Romanist, and has been educated at the "Royal School of Windsor," under the surveillance of its directress Lady Sainsby, the wife, as we need scarcely remark, of "Sir Sainsby." The gentle Mistress Barkstead loves the melancholy girl, who is treated as one of her own children; but her exquisite beauty is veiled by a deep sadness too engrossing for her years, and from which they strive in vain to rouse her. Okey, a brother regicide, arrives to accompany Barkstead to "Whitehall," when the young gentleman in the fire-coloured stockings who is to be of the party, is declared *non est inventus*, and all the household are dispersed in search of him. The two colonels whose presence is indispensable at the scaffold, bent their steps in that direction, trusting to find that the runaway had followed the impulsion of the crowd; and, at all events, resolved to hold their appointed place during the tragedy of the day; while, each after each, the servants return without tidings of the missing child, only to be again sent forth by the agonised mother; who, unable eventually to support her anguish in inaction, in her turn rushes into the densely thronged streets in search of her lost treasure. Anna, ignorant of the cause of all the popular commotion upon which she looks, finds herself alone in the abandoned house, and draws near a window bewildered and alarmed at the scene before her, until she suddenly detects in the very heart of the crowd the black and orange feathers of Richard Barkstead. Instinctively she hurries to the door which she pulls after her, and hastens in pursuit of the boy. Hustled, jostled, and insulted, Anna almost unconsciously pushes her way through the dense mass, expecting every instant to overtake the truant, and thus she traverses St. James's Park, where, says our author:—

Poor Anna, hearing nothing, stupefied and without reflection, found herself, she knew not how, between two lines of soldiers, with the boy beside her. The populace were roaring on every side. Some standing upon benches of stone were protecting their position with their fists; others were dragging casks to build a sort of amphitheatre, on which they sold the seats at an exorbitant price; and a few bolder spirits had climbed into the tall trees of St. James's Park, above the heads of the soldiers, and were hanging like tiger-cats upon the leafless branches, as if ready to leap upon the prey which was about to pass. All alike had their eyes fixed upon a gate of St. James's Palace, and pointed it out to each other with eager impatience. * * * * At this lateral door Charles I. at length appeared. He was conversing with a priest. It was Bishop Juxon. * * * * He walked with a slow and firm step. Arrived at this last trial of existence, he appeared to be more engaged in giving orders to Juxon than in receiving his consolations; he spoke quickly and with much action; and Juxon was also more careful to ascertain the last wishes of his master than to console him. Both appeared rather to be enjoying a royal lounge than marching towards a scaffold; and, save the dress of Juxon, had a military officer or a courtier been in attendance on the sovereign, it might have been believed that an aide-de-camp or a master of the ceremonies was receiving his orders for the conduct of a battle, or the details of a *fête*. * * * Charles I. stopped. He had, according to his custom when he was king and was listening to a petitioner, placed his left hand upon his hip, while, with his right leg advanced, he looked like one of those portraits of the cavaliers who seem to have stood to

be painted; his head was slightly bent, like that of one who is accustomed to listen to kneeling men, and such was in fact the case. An old man and two youths had made their way to the monarch, and bent their heads before that which was so soon to fall; then, braving the danger which he invited, the old man exclaimed, "Charles! I ask from you the blessing of a king and a martyr." Then an audible and solemn voice pronounced these simple words: "Lord Clarendon, I, Charles Stuart, King of Great Britain, bless you. Rise and follow me, my faithful servant." * * * Charles again walked forward, and the crowd with him; now a drunken man rolled back among the mob; now two porters were fighting because one had looked too merry or too sad upon the scene that was going forward; and now women with eager eyes and soiled clothes rudely pushed their way onward, and still the procession moved on. * * * Suddenly the face of Charles was buried in his spread hands; a groan of deep horror escaped from him; and the troops and the populace alike made a movement, and a murmur of indignation arose, which was gradually overpowered by shouts of ferocious laughter. It was Tom Love, who had just spit in the face of the king;—Love, the boldest bachelor-butcher of London;—Love, who knocked down a bullock with his fist when his iron pole-axe was not near him;—Love, who gave one mile out of two to his adversary in a foot-race;—Love, in short, who had said that he would eat part of the Stuart if he were for sale. This action excited a feeling of disgust, even in the most violent; but, except the murmur, of which no individual took the responsibility, not a word was uttered against Love, who glared his defiance upon all around him. Charles alone said, as he paused, with an accent of royal contempt, "The coward! for sixpence he would do the like to Cromwell's generals."—"I would do it for nothing, if they did not approve of what I have already done," exclaimed Love, grinding his teeth, and fixing his eyes upon Tomlinson, who appeared to be indignant at his brutal act; and perhaps the colonel, thus insulted, would have punished the miscreant, when Charles loudly summoned him to his side. Tomlinson approached; and of the short dialogue which took place between them before they reached the gate of *Whitehall*, only these words were audible: "Colonel Tomlinson, you are a good soldier, do not be a bad boxer; and become a better politician, for this people will now require to be governed."

POOR CHARLES! Little did he suspect, when he so calmly laid his head upon the block, that his fate would ever become food for such a chronicler. But to our story. The timid ANNA, the orphan daughter of a staunch Royalist, who had abandoned his family rather than betray his king, is dragged to the very foot of the scaffold by her impetuous little cousin; but it is not only to the horror of witnessing the execution of her sovereign that she is condemned—she also discovers in the royal victim the lover of her youth—the father of her yet unborn child; and as she falls senseless at the sight of the severed head, held aloft by the executioner, she is carried into a lower chamber at Whitehall by Colonel TOMLINSON, to preserve her from the insults of the mob. Another female, veiled and mantled, has been beside her during the last scene of the tragedy, by whom she is at once recognised; and this shrouded figure is that of Lady SAINSBY, whose devotion to the fallen monarch has kept her near him to the last; and who is, as she believes, the sole depository of ANNA's fatal secret. The poor girl is conveyed to the house of her Roundhead uncle, crushed and insensible, and her situation no longer remains a mystery. Assistance is procured, and, ere long, to the surprise of BARKSTEAD, Bishop JUXON is announced. An hour does not elapse ere ANNA gives birth to a daughter; and the dying words of the monarch to his faithful prelate are at once revealed, as JUXON takes the infant from the arms of Mrs. BARKSTEAD, and, taking a few drops of water in the hollow of his hand, raises his voice in a brief prayer, and, finally, sprinkling the face of the child, says, in a solemn tone, "Charlotte Stuart, Daughter of England, I baptize thee according to the law of the Catholic,

Apostolic, and Romish Church." After this summary proceeding, as the delirium of the young mother has ceased, and she is fast sinking, the bishop prepares to receive her confession; and here M. SOULIE displays as much knowledge of the interior economy of an English educational establishment as he has already done of our domestic history. The "Royal House of Noble Ladies," which he has invented at Windsor, and placed under the guardianship of the stern and haughty Lady SAINSBY, was, as we have said, the former home of ANNA; and while there, the king, on one occasion, pursued by—we cannot altogether discover what—enemies, leaps the park wall of the "Royal House," and compels the frightened girl to conceal him in her chamber for the night. On the morrow he discovers himself to the guardian of the establishment, warning her not to betray his identity to the niece of the Roundhead colonel; and the sage duenna, to whom the proudest dames of England have confided the welfare of their daughters, can devise no better expedient for the king's safety than to urge him to remain concealed in the retreat which he has found. ANNA becomes attached to the stately cavalier, and the consequences of this attachment we have already shewn, although we have yet to explain that, until she saw him on his way to death, she was still ignorant that the fugitive of Windsor was the King of England. As we proceed, however, the involvements of the story become so complex that we find ourselves compelled to abandon all attempt at its analysis. We will, therefore, attach ourselves to its most salient points, and make such extracts as may best serve to demonstrate both its style and its tenor. CHARLES, after his head is carefully replaced, and re-attached to his body, which is duly embalmed, and swathed in velvet wrappings, is laid at rest in a secret vault at Windsor. CROMWELL dies in his turn; but on his death-bed he summons privately, through the medium of his medical attendant, Colonels OKEY and BARKSTEAD, who hasten to St. James's, the latter associating with him his son, the runaway of the 30th of January, 1649, now a bold, reckless, and fanatical young soldier.

A DEATH-BED.

They traversed for some time a labyrinth of passages and chambers, very ill lighted, but strongly guarded. At every ten paces two soldiers, motionless as mill-stones, stopped them to exchange the pass-word with Colonel Okey; and even as the limits of the highway serve to measure the march of the traveller, so did the number of these guards afford an estimate of the terrors of the Protector. * * * After many windings Okey opened a low narrow door, and Barkstead and his son found themselves in a tolerably spacious room, containing a bed. In this bed lay Cromwell. * * * The anticipation of what he was about to hear, filled the whole mind of Barkstead; he was there to listen to a secret which Cromwell would not confide even to his family. On a signal from the Protector, all those present approached, and stood round the bed, while Cromwell raised himself to a sitting posture. "Listen," he said, "my faithful friends. What I am about to utter, whether it be an avowal of weakness, a caprice, or the result of a pride which would outlive the tomb, is nevertheless an order which you must rigidly obey; and a request which you will not neglect if you are indeed my friends. Swear to me, therefore, that you will execute what I am about to ask, without allowing any consideration whatever to divert you from your purpose." The two Colonels, Richard, and the physician extended their hands over the bed, and took the required oath, when Cromwell, for the first time, remarked the presence of the younger Barkstead. "You are but a stripling," he said, "to hear the weight of such a secret. This is then your son, Barkstead? Can you answer for his silence? Remember that I forewarn you of the danger of an indiscretion." "My honour is the inheritance of Richard," replied the Colonel; "I do not fear to confide in him." "So be it then," said Cromwell, "and now listen. As soon as I have expired, you will prepare for me a magnificent funeral; you,

Barkstead, will find in my private chest the sum destined to this outlay. I wish the most extraordinary display of pomp to occupy the attention of all England; but, even as the people, ten years ago, dragged through the streets, and flung into the Thames the empty coffin of Charles I., must they now follow in tears and awe the empty coffin of Cromwell. After having cheated their rage, I will cheat their grief; for it is not seemly that the bodies of those who have held the fate of nations in their hands, should be buried in the kennel, and trampled under the feet of the populace."

An expression of extreme surprise was painted upon every face, and Audlay remarked, "Without doubt, my lord, the people of London will accompany with respect the coffin of him who was their hero; whence, then, this precaution against insult?" "Let me speak," said Cromwell, silencing the physician with a smile; and then, with sudden gravity, he continued in a calm accent which was almost prophetic, his eyes rivetted before him, as though he were reading from the pages of some invisible volume; "Children, our day is over, and our reign is at an end; I have sown in England a seed which will one day produce its harvest, but it will do so tardily. Before three years are past Charles Stuart will be king of Great Britain, and the name of Oliver Cromwell will be proscribed as that of a brigand who had robbed his master; but this name will have my life to defend it, and neither calumny, nor sentence, nor proscription can undo what has been done. That portion of Cromwell which will remain without defence will be his body, which royal hatred will not fail to deliver over to the infamy of the scaffold. Well, then! Cromwell will not allow that the vanquished and the fugitive shall insult his corpse on the field of victory, which death alone could compel him to desert. Give, then, to the pomps of Westminster, to the prayers of the clergy, to the tears of the people, and to the orations of the inspired, the empty coffin destined for your friend, and hide, deep in the earth, the mortal remains, in order that the royalist jackalls may not scratch open his tomb, and slake their vengeance on the body of their enemy." His listeners looked questionably upon each other. There was in the expression of every countenance a mutual interrogation, which seemed to inquire if the reason of the Protector had not failed with his bodily strength. Cromwell understood the glance.

"What I now say to you, my children," he continued, "is as true as that I am about to die. Trust to the words of a man who has weighed, grain by grain, the value of mankind, and calculated the duration of things. No hand will be strong enough, after my own, to control all the factions which divide England. The friends of liberty who had rallied around Cromwell will be scattered to-morrow, and however weak the cause of Charles the Second may really be, it will soon triumph over the ambitious spirits who will dispute the ruins of the Protectorate. I know this party; during the ten years of proscription beneath which it has been crushed, not one of its links has been severed, not one of its members has been abandoned, not one of its hours has been lost; it is persevering and implacable, and success is ever the result of these two qualities. Believe Cromwell, my children, and endeavour to protect your future existence as I seek to protect my corpse."

The confidants of the Protector were confounded, and, despite their incredulity, each had already begun to reflect upon the fearful future that he foretold, when Cromwell again addressed them. "There is in Northamptonshire a spot known as the field of Naseby: you remember it, Barkstead, for we fought there together. You will transport the body of Oliver Cromwell to that field in the dead of night. You, Barkstead, will find in this chest all the money necessary for the accomplishment of the journey, and also an order of free passage, which will prevent the chance of your carriage being searched. Arrived in the field, you must remove the turf over a space of nine feet, taking with you, for this purpose, a clever turf-cutter: you must pile up this turf carefully, and without breaking it, beside the spot which you have laid bare, where you must dig a grave nine feet in depth, throwing out the soil as you cast it up upon a cloth spread to receive it, in order that it may not be scattered among the grass, and betray the secret; that done, lower my coffin into the grave, and cover it with the same earth, treading it down carefully, that it may not afterwards sink from its proper level, and so indicate the resting-place of my remains. When the grave is filled, let the turf-cutter replace the sods as

he found them, and water them immediately, that they may not lose their colour, for the least change of tint might raise suspicions. What remains of the soil fold carefully in the cloth, and then carry it away, and scatter it abroad at least nine miles from the field. The man whom you have employed must be taken to Naseby blindfolded, from the place where you hire him; and, his work once done, must be conducted back in the same manner, and receive 500*l.* on his taking an oath to leave England.

Each individual had listened to these minute instructions with scrupulous attention. "Is this all?" asked Barkstead; "are these your last wishes?"

"Friend!" said Cromwell, "I have taken every precaution in the power of man to make the earth discreet. I have decided that its green and even surface was better adapted to conceal from the eyes of our enemies the mystery which was confided to its keeping, than the hardest stone or the deepest vault; as our faces hide a secret better under a smile than by the most austere aspect; but I should have compelled the earth in vain to obey my last will if I cannot exert the same power over you who hear me; and if you are not equally prepared to throw over this confidence a veil of serenity which will defeat the observation and doubts of the most perspicacious. Listen, therefore, and understand me thoroughly. From neither of you can I dread an indiscretion caused either by fear, by treachery, by torture, or even by the scaffold. From among the millions of men who are indebted to me for all they are, and all they would not have been, from among my own family, who, after having sold my Protectorate to any one who would give them in exchange personal safety, riches, and the means of living a life of idleness, I have selected you as alone worthy to participate in such a secret, and thus, my friends, in order that it may remain for ever undiscovered, you must do for your features what I have done for Naseby-field."

We have now been enabled to understand the title of the book. The *Two Corpses* are those of CHARLES I. and CROMWELL, but the purpose of the author is not yet accomplished; he has not yet done with them; although he has created a riot, headed by TOM LOVE, who becomes the intimate friend of the gentle Mrs. BARKSTEAD and her proud son; and dragging the coffin of the king from its bier, has caused the populace to precipitate it into the Thames—burying the body of the monarch meanwhile secretly in an obscure vault under the chapel at Windsor; while, by a similar play of fancy, he inters with great pomp a second empty coffin in Westminster Abbey, while the remains of CROMWELL are enearthed at midnight in Naseby-field. Oh, no—the genius of M. SOULIE would, as it seems, scorn to be "used up" so easily, and accordingly he proceeds, after placing CHARLES II. on the throne, to verify the prophecy of CROMWELL, and to issue the royal ordinance for the exhumation of the Protector, and the execution of his body at Tyburn. The mandate is no sooner made public than RICHARD BARKSTEAD, to revenge the death of his father, who has been hanged as a traitor, in company with Colonel OKEY and Sir MILES CORBET, resolves to disinter the body of CHARLES, whose burial-place he has discovered, and to deposit his body in the empty coffin at Westminster, in order that it may be subjected to the ignominy destined to the remains of the Protector. For this purpose he associates with himself his *fidus Achates*, TOM LOVE, and two resurrectionists, accustomed to cater to the necessities of science, who, having provided themselves with a low carriage drawn by dogs, proceed to Windsor by night. Here it is that M. SOULIE particularly insists upon the perfect veracity of all the points of his narrative. We subjoin his own words:—

Every one will, doubtless, be astonished by the events described in the following chapter, at their singularity, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other. But the author of this book disclaims their responsibility. He simply narrates occurrences as they took place, as he could prove by giving references at the bottom of each page to some old chronicle or to some law document of the epoch. But this arrangement

would not only affect a scientific presumption unbecoming in a book which has scarcely the right to call itself a novel, nothing is more uninteresting to the reader than these certificates of authenticity, which, generally speaking, he never reads, and which he never verifies. After this declaration, which was exacted by the nature of the events that follow, we will continue our narrative, and accompany Richard in the enterprise which he has concerted with Tom Love.

"Sir Richard," as the son of Colonel BARKSTEAD, has become, (by means known only to M. SOULIE, as the son of Lady SAINSBY also becomes "Sir SAINSBY,") proceeds then, as we mentioned, with his respectable accomplices to Windsor. The body-snatchers believe that it is hidden treasure which they are exhuming, an idea in which they are confirmed by the great weight of the leaden coffin; and when the body is at length secured, they determine on disabling the dog-drag, and appropriating the booty. In order to baffle their intentions, BARKSTEAD at last declares to them that it is merely a human body, and they insist on ocular proof. One of the gentlemen recognises the king, and even lays bare the throat which has been reunited by the needle of the embalmer, and the discovery is one which he is not likely to neglect; a large sum and much honour having been promised by the king to whomsoever should assist him to recover the remains of his father. The two miscreants accordingly overturn the drag into a ditch on the edge of the forest, and conceal the royal coffin among the underwood, having previously bound BARKSTEAD and his companion with cords, and flung them down near the same spot. It chanced, however, that they perform this feat near "Great-House," the dwelling of Lady SAINSBY; and that "Sir SAINSBY," who, as well as young BARKSTEAD, is enamoured of the "Daughter of England," and has heard that RICHARD had left town privately at dusk, pursues him under the impression that he is seeking an interview with CHARLOTTE. He lies wait, therefore, in the wood, and the two worthies who are about to make their way to London to claim the promised reward, are, on emerging from the forest, shot dead by his myrmidons. The young girl, hearing the sound of fire-arms, and trembling for the safety of her lover, to whom she has affectionately confided the place of her retreat, rushes towards the spot, and discovers BARKSTEAD and his companion in the toils. To release them is the work of a few instants, and LOVE is at once dispatched to catch their horses, which have strayed; while the vengeance-breathing young Round-head and this loving child of fourteen are left sitting side by side near the desecrated body of her father. A scene ensues which for demoniacal license of imagination exceeds any with which we had ever previously met, and which ought to have excluded the book from every decent circle. LOVE returns with the horses, and while CHARLOTTE lies on the earth, bleeding and insensible, the body of CHARLES is dragged from the coffin, rolled in a riding-cloak, and, according to the suggestion of RICHARD, "tied with cords as the Egyptians did their mummies," or as they "bind dried sausages at the Hague," and then flung across his saddle-bow, after which the two worthy friends proceed once more towards London. On their way, they discover in front of them, and upon the very road they are compelled to follow, a myriad of moving lights, accompanied by the hoarse shouting of men and the shrill shrieks of women; and, on approaching cautiously, they distinguish two enormous waggons, from which are flung, at intervals, to the infuriated mob, the fetid bodies of CROMWELL's relatives and retainers. The whole scene is hideous.

By the light of the torches our two companions saw a couple of women covered with rags, their hair dishevelled, and reeking with drunkenness and misery, dragging after them a mass of flesh. The horses shivered as they passed, and rared

wildly; but at length the furies flung down their burthen, shouting, "Now for Lady Claypole! Now for Lady Claypole!" And rushed back towards the central heap, which was rapidly diminishing.

This encounter serves to increase the speed of the travellers. They begin to fear that they are too late to perpetrate their task of horror; but it is not so. The sexton of the Abbey is already gained; they enter the vault, and deposit the body of CHARLES in the coffin which bears the name of the Protector; and then, carefully removing every vestige of the sacrilege, hasten to quit the church. The ceremony of the after-exhumation is powerfully, although coarsely, told. Jack Ketch (or, as M. SOULIE designates him throughout the book, Jack Ketel), and the sergeant-at-arms, fortunately for the conspirators, quarrel for the possession of the gold coffin-plate; and the dissension endures so long that a summons to depart leaves them no time to identify the body. The shell is accordingly lifted hurriedly upon the waggon which is to convey it to Tyburn, *by way of the Poultry*! (given *Poultry*), where an immense mob had collected near a tavern situated about midway of its length, which caused the sheriff to warn the military guard who surrounded the bier to look to their weapons. Here the procession is compelled to come to a dead halt, while cries of "The right of the Poultry!" The right of the Poultry!" rang through the air. This *right* is the privilege of offering a pot of beer to every criminal on his way to execution, and the sheriff explains in vain that a dead man cannot require any such refreshment. The jest is too good to be abandoned, and accordingly the pot of beer is presented to the supposed Protector, the coffin being raised to partially upright position. The conspirators anticipate an immediate discovery of their fraud, but at the moment when the beer approaches the body, the head, thrown too suddenly forward to support itself by the slender ligatures of the surgeon, is jerked from its position, and falls heavily upon its breast. The host, terrified at this sudden movement, suffers the beer to drop from his hand, and endeavours to escape; Jack Ketch and his assistant, who were supporting the coffin, let it fall back in the waggon, and the mob remain mute and stupefied. The miracle spreads as the body moves forward. First it is asserted that when the courtesy was offered to the corpse it was accepted with an assenting gesture; and, finally, before the procession reaches Tyburn, the rumour has become general, that the invitation of the landlord produced a reply of, "With much pleasure."

And now, even at the risk of somewhat exceeding our limits, we shall introduce our readers to another specimen of M. SOULIE'S authentic history.

TYBURN.

The gallows, as on the occasion of Barkstead's execution, was raised in the centre of the square. The dragoons prevented the too near approach of the populace, and close beside the biers of Bradshaw and Ireton, which had already arrived, stood a masked executioner. Already the low murmur which had first issued from the mob had assumed a more serious character, and between the scattered cries, which were from time to time audible, voices might be heard raised in irritation, and uttering curses. The sheriff hastened to make his way through the mob, and to reach the foot of the scaffold. Once protected by the file of soldiery, he hoped to counteract any attempt of rescuing the body of Cromwell, the only danger which he apprehended. However, contrary to his anticipation, all remained quiet, for curiosity had succeeded, for a time, to the agitation produced by the adventure in the Poultry. * * * A thousand comments and conjectures were bandied by the people; they exhibited a discontent, aimless and uncertain, perhaps, for the moment, but which only required the breath of chance to determine its direction. * * * Meanwhile, all the necessary preparations were completed at the foot of the scaffold. The sheriff gave his orders in haste, being anxious to arrive in port before the

tempest burst, for, like a practised pilot, he already felt the swelling of the ocean and the southing of the blast. Richard and Love stood as near as possible to the gallows, and followed each motion of the hangman as though their lives hung upon it. Trestles nearly six feet in height had been placed in the waggon which conveyed the body, upon which the coffin was placed, in order that it might be visible on all sides to the mob. Before long the masked executioner clambered up the side-rails of the carriage, and began to pass round the neck of the corpse the running knot by which it was to be suspended; but the awkwardness that he exhibited, and the length of time that he occupied in his arrangements, which might have been completed in a few seconds, excited the deep murmurs of the people, and the sheriff repeated his injunctions to exercise more haste. This circumstance was not unimportant to the design of Barkstead, for the open coffin lay before the man who was knotting the cord, and this man, be he whom he might, could distinguish the face of the corpse; but whether the hatred which had urged him to the extraordinary enterprise in which he was engaged, confused alike his vision and his memory; or that the agitation attendant on so unheard-of an action as that which he was about to commit, deprived him of all power of observation; or, finally, that the reiterated injunctions of the sheriff utterly prostrated his presence of mind, blinded as he was by the belief that it was Cromwell himself whom he was preparing for the gibbet; certain it is that he completed his nauseous task, and made a sign to the executioner that all was ready, without one suspicion on the part of the spectators that it was another than the Protector who was about to be torn from his coffin and ignominiously hanged. * * * Thus, all was soon over, the trestles had been thrown down, the waggon had moved on, and the corpse, swinging in the air, was visible to the populace. At this sight, a loud and joyous exclamation broke forth; and the sheriff believed that he had nothing further to apprehend, as the other bodies would excite comparatively little curiosity. The mob had shook off the superstitious terrors inspired by the reports of the occurrence in the Poultry, and no longer doubted that the execution was just, as nothing had appeared to oppose it. Every look was turned upon the corpse. * * * A tall ladder leant against the projecting beam of the gibbet; a man sprang up this ladder, seized the rope, and slid down till he touched the body. This man was the masked executioner, and the crowd looked on in stupid wonder. When he had reached the corpse, the pretended hangman, whose hatred had evidently stifled within him every feeling of embarrassment and prudence, the hangman stamped with his foot upon the head of the senseless body, with a scream of savage joy. But, beneath the blows of the ferocious executioner, the ligatures which united the head with the body, before separated, tore away from the putrid flesh, became unfastened, and suffered the trunk to fall upon the stones with a dull dead sound, while the head, retained for an instant by the running knot which encircled the neck, appeared to move, to writhe, and finished by also becoming detached, and disappearing. The hangman himself, having no longer this support, and unable to hold on merely by his hands, slipped, and fell at the same instant. At this spectacle, at this disappearance alike of the corpse and of the executioner, who, in the centre of the circle formed by the mounted troops, seemed to have been swallowed up in a gulph, a frightful cry arose among the crowd, and a simultaneous movement was made near the soldiers, who staggered and gave way, as a few men, impelled onward with resistless force, broke through their ranks, and penetrated the enclosure. At this moment, sheriff, executioner, common-serjeant, and officers, all flung themselves on the masked individual who had caused the commotion, and he was instantly surrounded by naked weapons, and overwhelmed with threats. Meanwhile, stunned by the fall and deafened by the uproar, he struggled to rise, and staggered like a drunken man. Scarcely had he gained his feet, when his mask was torn away, and those near him shrank back in horror as they pronounced his name. "Sir Ralph Sainsby!" exclaimed twenty voices—"Sir Ralph Sainsby!" was re-echoed on a hundred sides—"Sir Ralph Sainsby!" finally repeated millions of angry accents; and while his name, as it circulated among the mob, awakened with the rapidity of thunder the most horrible reflections and the most frightful designs. The miserable wretch, wounded by his fall, wiped away the blood which was flowing

from his forehead, staggered to maintain his equilibrium, threw about his arms wildly on every side as if seeking some support, and with a dull and haggard eye glared around him in search of some known and friendly face; a fresh stream of blood soon again blinded him, but he dashed it from his eyes, covered them for a moment with his hands, and kept them closed, as if to collect his scattered senses; and then, gaining courage from the very danger about him, he once more looked up. A hideous face swang to and fro before him on a level with his own; he retreated—the head followed him; he shrieked, he held his breath, he remained motionless—but still the livid head hung on a level with his eyes; and at length a shrill, menacing, and vengeful voice exclaimed, "Do you recognise this head, hangman of Charles the Second?"

Ralph, at this interrogation, remained motionless, crushed and rivetted to the earth; and while those who surrounded him, horror-stricken at the fearful spectacle, were uncertain whether they should advance or retreat, Richard resumed, in a voice which re-echoed to the extremities of Tyburn, "Charles the Second has condemned his father to the gibbet, and here is his head, which he delivers over to the people of England a second time, as a pledge of the love he bears them!" So saying, with a vigorous arm he flung it beyond the line of soldiers; and the head of the Stuart, which Cromwell had preserved from the outrage of popular fury, rolled in the kennel beneath the feet of the mob.

Then commenced one of those frightful tumultuary debauches of 200,000 men which cannot even be imagined in France.

All comment is needless. We leave our readers to form their own estimate of the style in which English history is written by one of the most popular authors of France, and the merits of a work which has run through several successive editions, only to appear in its present state after having been "revised and corrected."

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Alps and the Rhine; a Series of Sketches. By J. T. HEADLEY. London and New York, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

MR. HEADLEY's lively "Letters from Italy" will not be forgotten by the readers of THE CRITIC. The volume before us is a continuation of the same tour, composed with the same exuberant spirit of enjoyment, the same love of nature, and the same eloquence of description as its popular predecessor.

Although travellers innumerable have traversed the mountain paths trodden by MR. HEADLEY, and hundreds of volumes have been devoted to attempts to convey to the stay-at-home reader an idea of the scenery of the Alps, we must confess that we have never heard from the most enthusiastic tourist, or found in the most graphic note-book, a description that produced even a shadow of a conception of that wondrous region. When our eyes lighted upon scenes so often attempted to be painted upon the fancy by author and artist, we recognised no memory of a familiar object—we knew not the spot as that we had read of in such and such travels. The truth is, that words cannot paint the wonders of those regions; their sublimities, their beauties, have no equivalents in our language; and to heap up epithets is to confuse, not to aggrandize. MR. HEADLEY observes in his preface, "the Alps are too striking and grand to be described." He is right. Nevertheless, forgetful of his own solemn judgment, he proceeds to attempt a description; of which it is no disparagement to him, after such a confession, to say that he has failed equally with his predecessors.

But if he has not conquered a difficulty which is perhaps insuperable, and pictured the Alps as they are to the minds of those who have not seen them, he has produced a volume that will amuse as a narrative of personal adventure amid scenery that tempts to adventu-

rous deeds; and MR. HEADLEY's agreeable manner of telling his story is in itself a charm that adds largely to the attractions of his volume, and gives it an interest for readers of every class such as seldom belongs nowadays to a tour in any part of Europe.

MR. HEADLEY crossed into Switzerland by the pass of the Simplon, and here was his first introduction to Alpine scenery, of which he had dreamed in his youth, and which it was the passion of his maturer years to visit, and by this route he reached Martigny. Although it was very early in the season, and the snow yet lay in dangerous masses upon the mountains, he resolved, against the advice of the guides, to make his way to Geneva through Chamouni, by the Col de Balme. That the danger was not imaginary will be apparent from this lively account of the journey. They who have climbed this fine pass in summer will be astonished at the difficulties encountered by MR. HEADLEY.

Immediately on leaving the valley we entered on the debris of avalanches, which fortunately bore us. It was a steady pull, hour after hour, mile after mile, up this pathless mass of snow, that seemed to go like the roof of a house, at an unbroken angle of forty-five degrees, up and up, till the eye wearied with the prospect. My friends gave out the first hour, while I, though the weakest of the party, seemed to gain strength the higher I ascended. The cold rare atmosphere acted like a powerful stimulant on my sensitive nervous system, rendering me for the time insensible to fatigue. I soon distanced my friends, while my guide kept cautioning me to keep the centre of the gorge, so that I could flee either to one side or the other, should an avalanche see fit to come down just at the time I saw fit to pass. I pressed on, and soon lost sight of every living thing. The silent snow-fields and lofty peaks were around me, and the deep blue heavens bending brightly over all. I thought I was near the top, when suddenly there rose right in my very face a cone covered with snow of virgin purity. I had ascended beyond the reach of avalanches, and stood on snow that lay as it had fallen. I confess I was for a moment discouraged and lonely. Near as this smooth, trackless height appeared, a broad inclined plain of soft snow was to be traversed before I could reach it. I sat down in the yielding mass and hallooed to the guide. I could hear the faint reply, far, far down the breast of the mountain, and at length caught a glimpse of his form bent almost double, and toiling like a black insect up the white acclivity. I telegraphed to him to know if I was to climb that smooth peak. He answered yes, and that I must keep to the right. I must confess I could see no particular choice in sides, but pressed on. The clean drifts hung along its acclivities just as the wintry storm had left them, and every step sunk me in mid-leg deep. This was too much: I could not ascend the face of that peak of snow, direct; it was too steep; and I was compelled to go backwards and forwards in a zigzag direction to make any progress. At length, exhausted and panting, I fell on my face, and pressed my hot cheek to the cold snow. I felt as if I never could take another step; my breath came difficult and thick, from the straining efforts I was compelled to put forth at every step, while the perspiration streamed in torrents from my face and body. But a cold shiver just then passing through my frame, admonished me I had already lain too long; so whipping up my flagging spirits, I pushed on. A black spot at length appeared in the wide waste of snow. It was the deserted house of refuge, and I hailed it with joy, for I knew I was at the top. But, oh! as I approached the thing, dreary enough at best, and found it empty, the door broken down by the fierce storm, and the deserted room filled with snow-drifts, my heart died within me, and I gave a double shiver. I crept to the windward side of the dismal concern to shield myself from the freezing blast, which swept by without check, and seemed wholly unconscious that I had clothing on; and crouched meekly in the sunbeams. But as I looked up, about and beneath me, what a wild, ruinous world of peaks and crags, and river mountains, rose on my wondering vision!

From Chamouni, as a matter of course, a visit was paid to the *Mer de Glace*, and here again he was in no little peril from

A RAPID DESCENT.

In climbing up our zigzag path in our previous ascent, I noticed an inclined plane of snow going straight up the mountain—the relics of the track of avalanches which had fallen during the winter and spring. In returning, the path came close to the top of this inclined plane, which went in a direct line to the path far below. A slide down this I saw would save nearly half a mile; so I sprang on to it, expecting a long, rapid, though perfectly safe descent down the mountain. But the surface was harder than I supposed, and I no sooner struck it than I shot away, like an arrow from a bow. I kept my feet for some time as I tacked and steered, or rather “*was tacked and steered*,” straining every muscle to keep my balance, and striking my Alpine stock now on the right hand and now on the left—till exhausted, I fell headlong down the declivity, and went rolling, over and over, till I finally landed, with dizzy head and bruised limbs, amid broken rocks at the bottom. When I had gathered up my senses, I looked round for my companions, and lo! there was my friend, an English gentleman, who had started at the same time, about midway of the slope. As he found himself shooting off so rapidly, he wheeled his back down the hill, and fell on his hands. This was not sufficient, however, to arrest his progress, and he came on bear fashion, though at a slower rate.

He passed the Tête Noire in a storm, and then he introduces an account of the Baths of Leuk, which, we presume, he must have visited on his way from the Simplon to Martigny. But his account of the scene there is too rich to be omitted.

BATHS OF LEUK.

A large shed divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath house. A slight gallery is built along the partitions dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of their friends, without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary, for if eight hours are to be passed in the bath and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the mean time, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery* one. All the bathers, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles with a tippet round their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like buoys, on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backwards and forwards, is the shaven crown of a fat old friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden, while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, gray hairs are “floating on the tide,” and the withered faces of old dames peer “over the flood.” But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty, and so to while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper which he holds over his head; another in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nosegay, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous, the withered flowers or her face. In one corner two persons are engaged in playing chess; and in another, three or four more, with their chins just out of water, are enjoying a pleasant *tête-à-tête* about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 deg. eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or leaning over engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking, for if the patient should attempt a bow he would duck his head under water.

Geneva and its lake, and Freybourg, are next visited, and at this latter place he gives an account of a curious institution called the

SOCIÉTÉS DES DIMANCHES.

These little clubs are composed of twelve or fourteen children, selected by the parents with a view to their adaptedness to amuse and benefit each other. They meet in turn at the houses of the different parents every Sabbath evening. Their

nurses are with them, and the time is spent in amusements common to children. As they grow older these amusements are combined with instruction. This kind of intimacy creates strong friendships which last long after they are dispersed and scattered over the world, and even through life. Girls thus linked together in childhood retain their affection in maturer life, and even in womanhood distinguish each other by the tender appellations of “*ma mignonne*,” “*mon cœur*,” “*mon ange*.” This is one great reason why Swiss society is so exclusive, and it is so difficult for a stranger to press beyond its mere formalities. The rank of the husband in Switzerland depends altogether upon that of his wife. Immediately on the marriage he steps into *her* rank, be it above or below that which he formerly occupied.

Interlachen and the Wengern Alp are the next attractions, and here he notices the effect of

AN ALPINE ECHO.

The keeper of the chalet had a small mortar, which he fired off at our request. Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after report, like the rapid discharge of a whole bank of artillery, thundered through the clear air. At length the echoes one by one sunk slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew till nothing but a low rumbling sound was heard in the distance, when suddenly, without warning or preparation, there was a report like the blast of the last trumpet. I instinctively clapped my hands to my ears in affright. It came from the distant Wetterhorn, and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains, till it seemed as if every peak was loosened from its base, and all were falling and crushing together. It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away before the avalanches which the sudden jar had loosened began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thunder of one blended in with the thunder of another, till one continuous roar passed along the mountains. The tumult ceased as suddenly as it commenced, and the deep and awful silence that followed was painful; and my imagination painted those falling masses of snow and ice as half-conscious monsters, crushed to death in the deep ravines.

Thence to the Grand Schideck, Meyrenge, and Lucerne, by the beautiful pass of the Brunig. From the latter the Righi top was ascended, where the traveller was fortunate to enjoy the rare treat of a cloudless and fogless morning. Before he bids adieu to Switzerland, of which, it will be observed, he saw but a fraction, Mr. HEADLEY collects from guide-books and other sources two or three chapters of general information relating to glaciers, avalanches, and other natural features of the country. But we must note one mistake into which he has fallen. He talks of “the sudden flight of a *pheasant* from amid the snow.” Certainly no such game is to be found in the Alps. This proves that his descriptions are not all the result of personal observation.

Mr. HEADLEY quitted Switzerland by Basle, and, descending the Rhine, peeped into all the most famous towns on either bank. Hither it will be impertinent to follow him, for he notes nothing having the slightest novelty for English readers, however interesting it may be to his own countrymen, of whom so few can ever hope to behold the originals.

We close with a very powerful description of

SUWARROW'S PASSAGE OF THE PRAGEL.

Imagine, if you can, an awful solitude of mountains and precipices and glaciers piled one above another in savage grandeur. Cast your eye up one of these mountains, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, along whose bosom, in a zigzag line, goes a narrow path winding over precipices and snow-fields till finally lost on the distant summit. Up that difficult path, and into the very heart of those fearful snow-peaks has the bold Russian resolved to lead his 24,000 men. To increase the difficulties that beset him, and render his destruction apparently inevitable, the snow fell, on the morning he set out, two feet deep, obliterating all traces of the path, and forming, as it were, a winding sheet for his army. In single file, and

with heavy hearts, that mighty host one after another entered the snow-drifts and began the ascent! Only a few miles could be made the first day, and at night, without a cottage in sight, without even a tree to kindle for a light around their silent bivouacs, the army lay down in the snow with the Alpine crags around them for their sentinels. The next day the head of the column reached the summit of the ridge, and lo! what a scene was spread out before them. No one who has not stood on an Alpine summit can have any conception of the utter dreariness of this region. The mighty mountains, as far as the eye can reach, lean along the solemn sky, while the deep silence around is broken by the sound of no living thing. Only now and then the voice of the avalanche is heard speaking in its low thunder tone from the depth of an awful abyss, or the scream of a solitary eagle circling round some lofty crag. The bold Russian stood and gazed long and anxiously on this scene, and then turned to look on his straggling army that, as far as the eye could reach, wound like a huge anaconda over the white surface of the snow. No column of smoke arose in this desert wild to cheer the sight, but all was silent, mournful, and prophetic. The winding-sheet of the army seemed unrolled before him. No path guided their footsteps, and ever and anon a bayonet and a feather disappeared together as some poor soldier slipped on the edge of a precipice and fell into the abyss below. Hundreds overcome and disheartened, or exhausted with their previous wounds, laid down to die, while the cold wind, as it swept by, soon wrought a snow-shroud for their forms. The descent on the southern side was worse than the ascent. A freezing wind had hardened the snow into a crust, so that it frequently bore the soldiers. Their bayonets were thrust into it to keep them from slipping, and the weary and worn creatures were compelled to struggle every step to prevent being borne away over the precipices that almost momentarily stopped their passage. Yet even this precaution was often vain. Whole companies would begin to slide together, and, despite every effort, would sweep with a shriek over the edge of the precipice and disappear in the untrodden gulfs below. Men saw their comrades, by whose side they had fought in many a battle, shoot one after another, over the dizzy verge, striking with their bayonets as they went, to stay their progress. The beasts of burden slipped from above, and rolling down on the ranks below, shot away in wild confusion, men and all, into the chasms that yawned at their feet. As they advanced, the enemy appeared around on the precipices, pouring a scattered yet destructive fire into the straggling multitude. Such a sight these Alpine solitudes never saw—such a march no army ever made before. In looking at this pass the traveller cannot believe an army of 24,000 men were marched over it through the fresh fallen snow two feet deep. For five days they struggled amid these gorges and over these ridges, and finally reached the Rhine at Ilanz. For months after, the vulture and the eagle hovered incessantly along the line of march, and beasts of prey were gorged with the dead bodies. Nearly 8,000 men lay scattered among the glaciers and rocks, and piled in the abysses, amid which they had struggled for eighteen days since he first poured down from the St. Gothard, and the peasants say that the bones of many an unburied soldier may still be seen bleaching in the ravines of the Jätzer.

This is good writing, and if Mr. HEADLEY will observe his own standard, he will always secure a hearty welcome in England.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of THE CRITIC to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

THE CAUSE OF REMARKABLY MILD WINTERS IN ENGLAND.—An interesting communication on this subject, by Colonel Sabine, appears in the *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month. The unusual character of the winter which we have just experienced, in which the mean temperature in December, January, and February, exceeded the mean temperature of the same months of 1844-5 by an average of eight degrees, has given rise to the inquiry. The winter which, within Colonel Sabine's recollection, most nearly resembled

the present, was that of 1821-2; and undoubtedly the resemblance is in many respects very striking. The extension of the Gulf-stream in that year to the coast of Europe, instead of its terminating, as it usually does, about the meridian of the Azores, has been assigned as a cause adequate, Colonel Sabine believes, to account for all the phenomena of that winter. "The warm water of the Gulf-stream spread itself beyond its usual bounds, over a space of ocean which may be roughly estimated as exceeding 600 miles in latitude and 1000 in longitude, carrying with it water several degrees higher than the temperature of the sea in ordinary years in the same parallels." The similarity of the two winters, 1821-1822 and 1844-1845, having been shewn, and their agreement in those features in which they differ from ordinary winters, Colonel Sabine says, "It will naturally be asked, what evidence we have to prove or disprove an extension of the Gulf-stream in the present year, similar to that which took place in 1821. To this it must be replied, that strange as it may appear, this remarkable phenomenon may take place in any year without our having other knowledge of it than by its effects, although it occurs at so short a distance from our ports, from whence so many hundred vessels are continually crossing and recrossing the part of the ocean where a few simple observations with a thermometer would serve to make it known. We have no organised means of learning an occurrence which, whether it be or be not the cause of the present extremely mild winter, cannot fail, whenever it does occur, to affect materially and for a considerable length of time the climate of an extensive district of the globe, including our own islands. History has recorded two instances in which the extension of the Gulf-stream is known to have taken place; and in both we owe our knowledge of it to the casual observations of an accidental voyager." And in a note he says: "It is much to be wished that a society existed in England which should charge itself with the many interesting and important considerations belonging to physical geography. Did the object and scope of the Royal Geographical Society embrace physical as well as descriptive geography, it cannot be doubted that science and the public would be greatly benefitted." Col. Sabine, in conclusion, does not suppose "that amidst the variety of incidents by which our climate is affected, there may not be others which may be influential in the production of winters of unusual mildness in an equal, or even in a greater degree than the extension of the Gulf-stream; or, that whenever the stream reaches the coast of Europe, its influence on our climate must necessarily occasion winters like that of 1821-1822, or 1845-1846. It is reasonable to believe that there may be degrees of initial velocity between that which is usual and that which is extreme. There may also be counteracting or qualifying causes with which we are as yet wholly unacquainted.

COLD WEATHER.—We imagine we have cold weather here sometimes, but in comparison to the cold experienced in the region of Liberia, it is positively mild. It is stated in the writings of Ledyard, the celebrated traveller, that on the 19th Nov. the mercury in the thermometer was frozen. During a severe frost the air was condensed, as it is in a thick fog—the atmosphere is frozen, respiration is fatiguing. They have no wells, as the water freezes at sixty feet deep. People of these regions are therefore obliged to use ice and snow. They have also ice windows; glass is of no use to the few who have it; the difference in the state of the air within and without is so great that the glass is covered with several inches of frost, and in that situation it is less luminous than ice. The timber of the house splits and opens with loud cracks, the rivers thunder and open with broad fissures—all nature groans beneath the rigours of winter.

A BUTTERFLY FLOWER.—In the gardens of San Joseph and its environs is seen in its greatest perfection *le papillon vegetal*, which grows on a species of ivy entwined round a poplar, or any other tall tree. This blossom is an exact representation of a living butterfly, but, unfortunately, there is no method of preserving it, even for a time; no sooner is it gathered than it withers and falls to dust.—Col. Capadose's *Sixteen Years in the West Indies*.

At the present moment there is a rookery in Cheapside, and a cherry-tree growing on London-bridge. The rookery consists of two crows' nests in the large tree at the corner of Wood-street. The cherry-tree is growing in a chink of the

granite at the City end of the bridge; it appears to be three years old.

A STRANGE BEAST.—The hunters of Elyria, says the *Cleveland Herald*, have been seven days on the track of a very extraordinary animal, and after pursuing him through woods and morasses about 150 miles came up with him, and shot him. He is described as being of a dark brindle, six feet eight inches long and about three feet high. He is supposed to be the genus wolf, species *Schyutus*.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—The following is found in a late newspaper:—"The owner of a fine Newfoundland dog, walking the other day on the south jetty with a friend, was boasting of the qualities of the animal, and the certainty of his saving a man from drowning, which his companion questioned. When they had reached that part of the jetty which is unprotected by any parapet, the master of the dog pushed his incredulous friend into the outer basin, where the water was deep, though calm. The dog justified the praises of his master, and instantly plunged after the fallen man, seized him by the coat, and was bringing him safe to the shore, when another dog of the same species, which happened to be on the north jetty, saw what was going on, and determined to have his share in the salvage. He plunged in, seized another portion of the drowning man's coat; but as the respective masters of the two dogs were at opposite points, they pulled in opposite directions, till two portions of the coat were torn off, and carried by the dogs to their owners, leaving the real object of their endeavours to his fate. This would have been inevitable, had not his kind friend, who fortunately was a good swimmer, plunged in and brought him safe to the quay."

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR,

ON

CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

LETTER II.

HAMBURG TO BRUNSWICK.

I said if our lives were spared—they have been; moreover, we have survived the roads from Hamburg to Brunswick. Imagine yourself drawn in a trumbril over streets paved with the materials of the worst parts of London, combined with the roughest heaps of those of Paris, and you have but a faint idea of a "Beiwagen," and the route as far as Lüneburg. Our proper course would have been to have crossed the Elbe to Haarburg, and thence by Celle to Braunschweig. But after inquiring of friend, landlord, waiter, boots, porter, and the postal establishments of his Majesty the King of Prussia, and of Hanover, we were told that to progress, however strange it may appear, we must place ourselves beneath the direction of the latter. Our route lay, therefore, by Hoopt, on the banks of the Elbe, to Lüneburg, and thence through Uelzen to Gifhorn and Brunswick. We left Hamburg early. Anxious to witness the starting, and rendered punctual by the intimation, on our passenger ticket, that unless present in person at nine, and by luggage at half-past eight, we should certainly be declared defaulters, we accompanied our carpet bags on their departure. On arriving, these were taken from us, weighed, and found wanting, so adding to them Uncle William's camlet, which I found we could with safety do, we were left standing in the streets "at ease." Nine struck, and then the quarter, no sign of conveyance, no rumbling of wheels, no cracking of whips, or sound of horn. We lounged in the street, loitered on the bridge which joins the Postamt, lingered on the quay, witnessed the unmaking of a barge by means of a large crane worked by a tread-wheel, heard again the chimes of another quarter, still no sign. Convinced how impossible it was for his Majesty of Hanover not to keep his word, I felt it my duty to believe we were too late, but I stood contradicted by the slow and sudden approach of what Murray told us was the recently accelerated Schnellpost! It

drew up, the body not unlike that of our stagecoach, having behind it, however, a huge projection, not dissimilar from those roomy establishments called "Family Vaults;" or those large receptacles of East India produce which used once to traverse the Commercial-road; or Wombwell's smaller menagerie on wheels. To fill it required the most painful effort of patience to witness—the entire subjugation of all animated feeling to endure; yet I bore it. Trunk, portmanteau, carpet-bag, knapsack, every description of packages, were herein successively engulfed; it shrunk from nothing: from a chest to a snuff-box, however large, however little, it seemed gaping to enclose all. At last we were called over, and called names, in so doing, our godfathers never attested, and godmothers never knew. Our lot was cast in the last "Beiwagen," a vehicle not unlike our landau-barouche, *except in its springs*. One side is comfortable enough, having a broad seat beneath a spacious hood; but the other is narrow, hard, and perpendicular, very dirty, being chiefly used as a footstool by the opposite couple, or filled up with luggage. A "Beiwagen," indeed, is a great moral lesson to travellers—*qui trans mare currunt*—to what voluntary and involuntary wretchedness they subject themselves when this is selected, or suffered as a locomotive! Our road at first was pleasant; it skirted the city, amid the gardens which girt it round with a circle of flowery verdure. But this was soon changed. We entered on the desert which extends for miles of interminable dreariness and of endless sand-wastes from Hamburg to the Hartz. Sylvan scenery! verdant slopes! there are more in the dustiest district of the City-road. Prospect! it is surpassed by the worst parts of Holloway or Clerkenwell—the "*Litus arenosum Libya*" is less drear. For two hours we ploughed our way, the deep furrow we cut crumbling into a long-extended rut, by which our passage might be tracked as far as the eye could reach. Every part of the road was in the same state. Schnellpost, Beiwagen, the postillions in their jack-boots, all were struggling alike amid this arid slough. Nothing but a German carriage could have endured its successive concussions. For myself I sat like DEATH when rapidly travelling, expecting every moment the dislocation of his skeleton frame. Uncle William looked aghast and angry; whilst my German *vis-a-vis*, having first puffed away, with renewed vigour, at each successive jerk of the machine, became at last so red in the face that I thought he would have spit blood; but he rallied, and only sputtered improprieties. His companion, a young man of good-looking exterior, and somewhat showy Hamburg finery, was more philosophic; he relieved his feelings by detailing to his friend a dinner he had recently enjoyed, and ensconcing himself firmly in his corner, as one who had said, "Nothing shall dislodge me," became soon after "to us invisible or dimly seen," amid clouds of Meerschaum smoke. At last we were ejected from our seats by a most masterly concussion. Even the drowsy "Meerschaum" felt its awakening influence,

*Illic somnum ingens rupit pavor; ossaque et artus
Perfudit toto proraptus corpore sudor,*

and then there was a dead calm. It continued, voices gathered suddenly around us; we began to collect our scattered limbs; there was a sound as of splashed water. I looked out, and lo! the Elbe—and the diligence embarked thereon! We were not long in following, and soon reached the opposite bank, and proceeded over a better road towards Lüneburg. At intervals we passed through pretty villages; the cottages of which betokened comfort, built amid gardens, where trees seemed bending beneath their load of fruit. These lost to sight, the country presented again the same wide unbroken plain, the road always outlined by the trees planted on each side; a solitary horse trooper its only traveller, unless we displaced, by sound of horn, some occasional heavy cart. The farm-houses attracted our attention; they have the appearance of enormous barns, the dwelling-house and offices being all included under one spacious roof. Abraham Blomaert has, I think, introduced them in his landscapes; and they suggest some interiors of Ostade, where the wild revel of the village feast, or merry-making, is so truthfully depicted. I allude merely to their general resemblance, and with reference to a time when between Holland and the north of Germany there were less distinctive characteristics. The natural tendency of civilization is to modify contrast, by obliterating the harsher features of national manners and social customs. Holland,

with a condition of progress equal to Germany, is still the Holland of the past—not in trade, commercial intercourse, or political influence, but in the habits of her population. The works of her great artists still reflect their out-door and in-door life, and should Holland be destroyed by water, as *Herculeum* was by fire, her social history would be still most truthfully written in the productions of Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen. I entered one of these, and passed from the principal room into a wide covered space, neither room nor barn, nor warehouse. Here, in one corner were cows, in another, horses; a third held agricultural implements; the fourth was enclosed, and seemed like a large press, but a kind and buxom servant girl opened it, upon my inquiry into its nature and uses, and it proved a series of bedrooms for the labourers. In the centre of this, corn was being thrashed, cocks and hens were crowing and scratching about, whilst a flight of pigeons swooped around, and betrayed in their gyrations something very much like a desire of settling on our heads. Whether this habit of domesticating with your own poultry be derived from the peculiar circumstances of the Ark, I know not; I was told the custom was most ancient; and I should think it not improbable that it is co-existent with the Flood. At four p.m. we entered Lüneburg. Here we dined excellently, to the satisfaction of all but "Meerschäum," who, after partaking of every dish, soup, fish, beef, poultry, game, courses of vegetables, *compôte* and confectionery, felt himself called upon, when resuming his seat, to assure us we had been very ill-used. From what motives it may arise, patriotic or ill-tempered, I know not, but it seems to be held as a general duty by many who dine at taverns, clubs, and chop-houses, to be invariably discontented. A single man dines at home on a lodging-house chop, cooked and served by the same red face and the same black hand, and dines contented; a married man partakes of the family joint with his own dear Emma and her six small children, and, if not satisfied, is silent. But let them go into a coffee-room, dine at a club, or Dolly's, they are instantly critical, dissolve and distil into a maudering discourse every crude, "animal" and "vegetable" thought,—dull, heavy, and oppressive as the viands their own taste has selected. We longed to remain at Lüneburg, but the inexorable fates forbade. The streets are broad; the square in which the hotel was situated large and well-paved; the whole aspect of the town cleanly and thriving. The houses are lofty, and remarkable for their fronts, which are of red ornamented brick, ending in an attic with somewhat Norman windows, but which for the most part appeared to me unglazed and untenanted. The population amounted to 10,500 in 1826, and the town seems to warrant now a much higher computation. In the church of St. Michael there is an altar-piece by DOELL; and two libraries, a collection of Natural History, an Academy for the education of nobles, with some portraits and antiquities at the town hall, seem to make it a place worthy of a longer visit. I quote REICHARD—for JOHN MURRAY—that only genuine "Wandering Jew"—has apparently not been here. Quarries of limestone and salt pits are worked in the neighbourhood, and honey, wax, lime, and salt, form the traffic of the district of which it is the capital. From Lüneburg to Brunswick the road is a real German M'ADAM, and the pride of those who dwell near its country quarters. The scenery improves, and the land appears richer and more cultivated. The sun was setting on our postillion's hat, and illumining his gold braid and tassels, for I was so placed that I could see no further around me, as we entered Uelzen. Here "Meerschäum" and his friend obtained seats in the diligence, and we were entitled to their places. This was a great boon, for the night was cold, and we were not timed to arrive before seven in the morning. At five we were pacing for warmth the streets of Gifhorn, awaiting the turn-out of a wretched vehicle, with a broken window, smelling worse than a sick ward—the last Bei—and the worst of many we had yet survived. Day broke; slowly the light suffused itself around; mists still hovered in the horizon, they wreathed into fleecy clouds; away before us was the Hartz. The Hartz!—you will naturally expect we visited this duodecimo edition of the Alps, ascended the Brocken, and the heights whence it

Broods o'er the silent plain, and with mute power,
Rules the vast circuit of its sea-like space.

We did not;—notwithstanding my love of mountain scenery

and reverence of Goëthe. Almost all have read Faust, but few, I think, know the origin of the Legendary Witch Dance on the Brocken. Like the early myths of Greek and Roman history (and from the sublime to the ridiculous,) like a woman's bustle—it is a fiction founded upon fact. Its origin may be traced to the History of Charlemagne. That great half-tutored savage, resolved on the conquest and conversion of the Saxons. For three-and-thirty years the warfare and massacre were continued until they were driven to the wild retreats and natural fortresses of the Hartz for safety. Here they still celebrated their idolatrous rites, at which period Charlemagne stationed guards at the passes of the mountains to enclose them. The Saxons thereupon arrayed themselves like goblins, with the skins and horns of beasts, fire forks in their hands, and, thus accoutred, put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and then invited the people to the infernal mirth and mystery of their heathen rites. Hence the tradition;—for the early Christians uniformly viewed idolatry as the worship of demons; and in no country has the fearful superstition of Diemonology been more cruelly prevalent than in the north of Germany. Witchcraft has its literature, a fearful one of cruelty and blood. I dare not, however, enter into this,—our "Beiwagen" rapidly advanced over the still excellent road, as, on Sunday morning at six o'clock, we drove through the park-like entrance into Brunswick. I will describe this city in my next.

(To be continued.)

A CAPTIVITY AMONG THE SIKHS.

THE following is an extract from a letter from an officer in the Indian army:—

"English Camp on the river Sutlej, near Ferozepore, January 1, 1846.

"My dear M.—I have now to relate the most romantic and dangerous incident of my life, and will do so in as few lines as possible. On the 5th of last month I left Umballah, having come from the north, and through Delhi, to join my new appointment as second in command of the 3rd Irregular Cavalry (or Captain Tait's regiment). I passed through Mythul, marching with my servants and camp equipage, and a corporal and four sepoy. We had reached within one march, or 16 miles of the station of Ferozepore. Many parties of plundering horsemen were scouring this part of the country, taking all they could master; and a great Sikh army of 60,000 men, and 150 cannon, had just invaded our territories, and on the 17th of December encamped between me and Ferozepore, where my new regiment lay. I heard reports of this great invading army, but could not believe they had actually crossed the Sutlej to attack us. Early on the morning of the 18th of December my little tent and baggage was being packed on the camels, when we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by armed men, and numbers more crowding from the village. An altercation took place between us, they rushed upon me, hurled me down, and struck me on the head and face; my people were seized or dispersed, and I, covered with blood, was carried off into a small fort, where I momentarily expected to be put to death. Three or four hours after this a party of cavalry arrived from the Sikh camp. I was taken out of the fort, placed behind one of their troopers on a horse, and galloped off under a strong escort to the enemy's army, ten miles distant. I now considered my fate as certain, and that I should be made the sport of an infuriated and ferocious multitude, and be cruelly put to death. On this horse I was carried up and down the great Sikh camp, and shewn to crowds and crowds of their army, as the first prisoner they had taken; many of them abused and struck me as I sat behind the trooper, but he defended my life. At last I was brought to the tent of Rajah Lall Singh, who commanded the Sikh army; I knew who he was from his splendid dress, and spoke to him, but he gave me no answer. Chiefs going in and out of his durbar shook their swords at me, and I saw that my life hung by a very slender thread. The Rajah ordered me to be put in chains, and made over to the keeping of General Bekane Allie Khan, commandant of artillery; I was then taken to him, and after some questioning placed in irons, under one of the guns, with a guard of artillerymen over me. Crowds of angry Sikhs came to see me from all quarters of their camp, and almost hourly threatened

to kill me; I expostulated with them on the bad character they would get by killing a defenceless prisoner, and some of them pitied and defended me. Night at last came, and the crowds retired to sleep; no sleep came to me; bitter cold and the anxiety of my situation prevented that. I prayed to die with calmness, and, if it might be, without torture, and God was indeed most gracious to me. Bread and water now became my food, and the conversation of the artillerymen my only means of passing the weary day; but we soon became great friends, and during three days and sleepless nights I had, notwithstanding my almost hopeless situation, many a cheerful hour, and saw many a strange sight. Surrounded by crowds and crowds all day, now abused and threatened, now pitied and cheered, each night brought with it a quiet and cessation from persecution which almost amounted to happiness. Thousands of questions were asked me, and put in all sorts of ways, to catch me telling a lie; but I always spoke the truth, or remained silent, and many a time drew from my enemies the exclamation that I was a true Englishman; they also greatly admired my tall figure, and I never felt so much flattered in all my life as by this rude people. Each hour also brought some new and exciting report: the English army was close at hand, and an engagement with the leading divisions expected every moment. Even the bitter cold of a December night on this northern frontier, where we had ice every morning, brought a distinct pleasure to the poor prisoner, for the artillerymen pitied me, made a wood fire, gave me tobacco to smoke, and we chatted the long winter nights away.

December 18.—This evening half the Sikh army went out of camp to encounter our advanced divisions; the cannon roared, musketry began to peal; nearer and nearer came the fight; the artillerymen in camp lighted their matches, stood to their guns, and placed me on a board behind a cannon. Each minute I expected my head to be rolling on the ground, and in breathless anxiety hoped to hear the hurrah of our dragoons, and the clang of their charge into the Sikh camp; the 3rd dragoons did actually charge not very far from me, but darkness came on, the guns ceased roaring, the hum of the enemy's troops retiring to their quarters gradually subsided, and I was left to hope for another day.

December 19.—The enemy's tone this morning told me that the battle of last evening had been against them, but darkness put an end to the action ere a decisive victory could be gained. I experienced less abuse to-day, and many tempting offers of employment in their army were offered me, all of which I steadily rejected, nor could they help respecting me for doing so. This night the Sikh army again turned out to fall upon our troops, with the sword alone, hoping to kill many by a sudden attack in the darkness. Their counsels, however, wavered, and they returned to camp without accomplishing any thing. Crowds gazed at me all day, as before.

December 20.—This morning I was taken early to the General of Artillery, who received me kindly; he ordered my chains to be knocked off, and said "I will get you released." He gave me water to wash and some clean clothes, and then mounted his horse and rode to the Rajah's tent. I was again taken back to the guns, but not chained. It got abroad in the Sikh camp that I was going to be set free; a crowd collected, and some one on horseback endeavoured to excite the people to kill me; my friends the artillerymen stood to their guns, declaring they would fight for me if any attempt on my life was made; then the multitude dispersed, and after some time a messenger came from the general, telling me to be off as soon as possible, the general's brother going with me beyond their outposts. Gladly, and with, I trust, a grateful heart, I left the great Sikh camp; many straggling parties of the enemy galloped up and questioned me, but the general's brother satisfied them all that I had been released by the council of their army, and we passed safely over to the British army about three o'clock of this day. I went at once to the Governor-General's tent, and reported myself. My conductor received a handsome reward on the spot, and I received from my friends and from the whole army a reception I shall never forget. All rejoiced and congratulated me, and my own old regiment received me with great joy. The Governor-General will not allow me to join my corps and fight against the Sikhs, yet I gave them no pledge, and distinctly told them I would not, even to save my life. I dined with the Governor-General the night of my release, every body wondering how I had es-

caped death. The fact perhaps was, the Sikhs did not wish utterly to outrage us, and by cramming me with false reports of their great strength, they hoped I should advise the Governor-General to negotiate. All their reports I appeared to believe, and always talked of making peace rather than war. Since what I have related, above two actions have been fought, and after the most severe fighting our troops have yet had in India, we gained a great victory, taking upwards of 100 great guns, and the whole Sikh camp. Great was the plunder; horses, camels, bullocks, tents, armour, rich dresses, guns, swords, pistols, gold, silver, scarfs, silk, shot, shells, powder, canister, grape—everything was there, and to be had for the picking up; but amidst all these riches fearful powder mines, previously prepared by the enemy, were hourly exploding and blowing to atoms many and many a poor fellow. For five days these awful mines continued to explode, and the cavalry division of the army to which I now belong was encamped hard by, to the endangerment of life and limb. The Sikhs retreated across the Sutlej into their own country, and what may now be done I cannot say. I have only to be thankful for my own wonderful escape, and trust in providence, who has guarded me thus far, to guard me still."

ART.

THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

COMPARING this, the twenty-second, exhibition of the Society of British Artists, with the exhibitions of former years, we think an improvement on the whole is visible. As regards the members of the society itself, an advance has undeniably been made; several of these, whom we shall hereafter specify, have never come before the public in such strength, nor appeared to such advantage as they now do; while the remainder, for the most part, maintain their ground, and yield their customary support to the attractions of the gallery. It is in the host of miscellaneous contributors to this exhibition that the deficiency of genius is most perceptible. By far the greater part of these have lamentably mistaken their calling; which, whatever self-delusion may whisper them, they may take our word, is for anything but the Arts; and he is but a cruel friend who would encourage them in a pursuit where success is hopeless, and disappointment certain. The extent of wall-surface of this gallery we seriously consider a disadvantage to the society. Be as diligent and laborious as they may, the members themselves can never produce works enough to occupy even the most favourable points for view; the result is, that to cover the remaining space, a host of trashy meretricious pictures, must be admitted, and, of a consequence, the impression produced on the mind of the visitor, who sees comparatively few good, but a host of downright trumpery productions, is far less favourable to the gallery than if half the quantity of works, and that the best, had been selected for exhibition. That none of the exhibitions is so unequal as "the Suffolk-street," will not, we opine, be questioned; and if not, then the fact is proof conclusive in support of the above remarks.

One feature of this exhibition is so striking, and sustains so effectively the objections more than once urged in this journal to the gambling practice of "the Art Union," giving a multiplicity of low class prizes, that we cannot overpass it in silence—we allude to the hosts of flashy *ad captandum* works, painted evidently with any eye to the ten and fifteen pound bonuses of that institution. So long as this course is followed by that society, the object of its establishment will, year after year, be frustrated; nay, worse; the very evil it was designed to prevent will be promoted, and a spurious low class of art fostered among us, to the corruption and debasement of the public taste. We heartily wish this lure, which, in truth, is equally pernicious to artists and the community, were withdrawn, and fewer but larger sums devoted to the purchase of works by the Art-Union.

The "Suffolk-street Gallery" has never been distinguished by historical or imaginative productions of high-class merit. It has not this year a single history-picture that makes an impression, and the memory of which takes hold upon the mind; it offers, however, some feeble, and a few mediocre works that had been better rejected. Of imaginative and poetical compositions there is a fair sprinkling, and as far as the talent of the most meritorious of the exhibitors in this department (Mr. ANTHONY and Mr. WOOLMER) goes, there is a decided improvement over last year's exhibition. The president, Mr. HURLESTONE, ably as he discriminates character, we cannot compliment on his success. His fondness of positive blues and reds, and his umbery shadows, are as objectionable as ever. From this censure we except his *Spanish Peasant Girl*, in the north-east room, which is the best of the eight works he exhibits. There are, however, some clearly painted and pleasing, if no very striking, works of this class by other artists.

The dearth of able portrait painters which characterises art at this day is nowhere more visible than here. With the most favourable advantages of light and position, these walls are absolutely destitute of good portraits. Mr. BAXTER, we regret to find, does not fulfil the hopes we entertained of him and expressed last year. Retaining the old power of seizing character and faithfully reflecting likeness, he has fallen into brown shadows, inharmonious with his full lights, which if he does not escape from, but allows to settle into manner, he may be assured, as a portrait painter, he is wrecked for ever. Mr. HILL sends some clearly-coloured and delicately-finished heads, but they want the force and animation of nature.

It is, as usual, in the department of landscape that the strength and attraction of the exhibition lies. This field the Society are rapidly appropriating; here is their triumph. The British Institution they have surpassed, and, by this exposition of their power, challenge comparison with "the Academy." We have to applaud the landscape painters for the diligent endeavours manifestly made for improvement, and to congratulate them on the signal success which has followed those exertions. That the public has discrimination enough to perceive their merits, and is prompt to reward them, the sales already effected satisfactorily testify. Ever since the opening of the gallery the praises of Mr. PYNE have been on the tongues of all who love the arts and feel pride at their advancement. At a single bound he has taken place among the foremost landscape painters of the age, if he be not indeed the best. His great picture, *The Straits of Menai*, is a striking and memorable work. For space, light, and atmosphere, the landscapes of Mr. PYNE are unique; in these qualities CLAUDE has not surpassed him—greatly as our antiquity-worshippers will be shocked at so confident and heretical an opinion. While we admit his genius, and are proud of his success, we take the liberty of suggesting to this artist, in a friendly spirit, and solely with the desire to see his works perfect, that he is sometimes too vague, and that his foregrounds are often deficient in substance. We could wish also to find him oftener painting noon-tide effects, when cloud-shadows impart so much variety and value to the landscape, oftener than he does. Mr. ALLEN comes next in order of merit. He, too, shews an unmistakable improvement. His purple foregrounds have vanished; his skies have more depth, light, and space; and his effects are as truthful, and as skilfully thrown in as the most fastidious of critics could desire. His *Vale of Chwyd* is a charming and covetable picture. Mr. CLINT exhibits several admirable coast scenes, which challenge, and will repay, examination. Mr. TENNANT offers some extremely clever views on that most picturesque of English rivers, the Wye; and Mr. LANCASTER, forsaking his fiery sunsets, has adopted a new manner, which, if he follows as in his really masterly work, *River Scene, Holland*, and improves, he must add largely to his fame, and advance his rank as a painter of

landscapes. Mr. HASSELL, too, has made an unmistakable advance. His large picture, *Scene at Honfleur*, and a small landscape, *Near Pandy Mill*, in the North-East room, prove in him the possession of genius of a high order for landscape. His feeling for the subject he treats is always appropriate; his effects are artistically introduced; his colour is clear and truthful; and the delicacy and freedom of his pencilling are remarkable. In one or two instances we have detected a tendency to imitate the style of PYNE. Having strength enough of his own, he should avoid reliance on another. Nature has but one style, though seen under many phases and effects; he only is original who, looking at her direct, reflects her on his canvas as to him she appears, and not as she is seen through the eye of another.

Before proceeding to a detailed notice of the most remarkable works, we must give honourable mention to Mr. HERRING and Mr. JOSI, who, as animal painters, have here shewn that by EDWIN LANDSEER alone they are surpassed in this country. Their works add largely to the attractions of the gallery, and being simple unelevated transcripts of familiar nature, will be, perhaps, more generally understood and admired than any others in the gallery.

In the water-colour room, the drawings by Mr. PICKEN, Mr. NOBLE, Mr. HERBERT, Mr. RICHARDSON, and Mr. BUCKLEY, are best worthy inspection, and, with the exception of *Sabrina rising from the Lake*, by Mr. THOMAS, there is no sculpture which justifies especial mention.

We proceed, without further remark, to notice such of the works here exhibited as seem to justify individual criticism.

No. 7. *Fruit*. J. C. WARD.—In fancying himself a fruit painter, this artist has entirely mistaken his capacity. The oppositions of colour are neither varied enough nor judicious; the textures given—peaches, grapes, plums, leaves, table, wall, are uniform; and the sky introduced is flat and hard like a slab of veined marble. If Mr. Ward succeed no better in other walks of art, he had much better apply himself to another calling.

No. 10. *Cattram Common, Surrey*. J. W. ALLEN.—A clever representation of an unfrequent effect in nature. Over the brow of a hill storm-clouds rise black and swollen, casting shadow over the right hand side of the picture. On the left, on a grassy mound in the sunlight, sits a wayfarer, who, with his dog, watches the lightning which the storm emits. The whole is painted with a sure hand, and the colouring is truthful to nature.

No. 11. *Arrival of Fishing-boats off Staithes, coast of Yorkshire*. A. CLINT.—This is a representation of a blowing day upon the coast. The boats are originally and pleasingly grouped, and the general colour is good. The water is perhaps too variegated, and not turbulent enough to account for the action of the boats. There is false perspective in the fishing-boat on the right; lifted up mainly by the stern as here, the bows would dip more than the artist has made them. There is, however, great force, and much careful pencilling in this sea-view.

No. 18. *The Ferry-boat*. J. WILSON, jun.—This artist of whom we entertained hopes does not improve. His subject composes picturesquely and naturally, but he wants generalship in effect, and his tones are too brown.

No. 22. *The "Braw Wooer."*—T. CLATER.—We notice this because it shews a visible improvement in drawing on the part of Mr. Clater, whose violation of this requisite we have often had occasion to reprehend. The sentiment and colouring of this little work are commendable.

No. 23. *The Lily*. G. STEVENS.—This is a portrait of a young lady whose brow is encircled with huge lilies. It is remarkable for careful finish; but the shadows are far too purple, and the textures any thing but those of nature.

No. 28. *Edith and the Monks finding the body of Harold*. A. RANKLEY.—There is power and skilful government in the lines of this picture. The effect too is good, and much heightened by the black cloak dependent from the arm of the

monk. There is, moreover, propriety in the action and expression of Edith and the monks who accompany her.

No. 29. *The Fair at Scharnbeck, near Bremen.* J. ZEITLER. Here the artist is less successful than he is wont to be. The figures, though characteristic and clearly grouped, are sometimes ill-defined, and the colouring is misty and spotty.

No. 30. *Near Folkstone—Mid-day.* A. CLINT.—A gem indeed. It represents a simple coast scene, embracing a schooner hugging the land, and two or three figures on the sands. The sky recedes finely to the horizon, shedding midway from the braided clouds a glorious flood of living light on the sheeny surface of the calm waters beneath. It is rarely so superior a work comes from the easel.

No. 37. *Lavinia.* C. BAXTER.—It was, we believe, REYNOLDS who, speaking to a person unacquainted with the arts, observed to him that a picture should seem as if painted with two colours; by which he intended to convey popularly an idea of homogeneity of tone. This maxim Mr. BAXTER would do well to bear in mind. He has here spoiled a very charming subject, by the use of shadows inharmonious with his broad lights. The drawing and foreshortening of the arms of this lovely girl are faulty; and the subordinates of the picture are slovenly and obscure.

No. 57. *Rouge et Noir.* H. J. PIDDING.—A negro leaning over a wall and holding in his hand a poppy, is the subject of this picture. We have never before seen Mr. PIDDING so strong in colour as here. The pencilling is delicate, and altogether this is a successful production.

No. 60. *Poachers surprised. Costume of Charles I.* T. J. BARKER.—There is a world of labour bestowed on this large subject. The action of surprise is well expressed, the harmony of colour becoming; the figures are carefully and characteristically painted, the textures good, and the whole is remarkable for force and reality.

No. 72. *The Ferry.* J. F. HERRING.—One of the most notable and (to many) attractive of the works here exhibited. The subject is finely conceived. Down the centre of the landscape comes a line of firs; at mid-distance on the right is an ale-house; on the left of the trees is the river, on whose brink a man and woman await the crossing of the ferry-boat. The most prominent group is that of a brown and a white horse in the foreground; behind these on the left are three others, while sundry sheep are scattered throughout the landscape. There is abundance of light and space, and a breezy and exhilarating freshness in the air. The handling is firm, decided, and everywhere characteristic, and the textures of wool in the sheep, and of glossy hair in the horses rivals nature. The subject, too, though greatly varied, is everywhere well connected and kept under picturesque control.

No. 77. *Portrait of Mrs. Durand.* J. J. HILL.—Perhaps the best painted portrait in the gallery. The attitude is simple and unconstrained, the colour pure, and the pencilling extremely delicate.

No. 71. *The Village Porch.* H. J. BODDINGTON.—Though placed on the floor, this is a most attractive and successful landscape. The shadows are cool and transparent, the lights, streaming through the trees, is most vivid, and the details are carefully made out.

No. 80. *Folkstone, from the East.* J. WILSON, sen.—We cannot say much for this. The sky is flat, and wants marking; the effect is indefinite and unequal; but the water has merit,—it is, at least, turbulent and liquid, as it should be.

We are here compelled, by lack of further space, to break off, but shall conclude our notice of this gallery next week.

H.R.H. Prince Albert has commissioned Mr. Cope to execute for him a painting, the subject of which, as well as the mode of execution—whether in fresco or in oil—has been left to the choice of the Artists' Association. This commission is not less an evidence of the Prince's sound judgment in Art, than it is a well deserved compliment to the genius of Mr. Cope.

NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The works here are getting on rapidly. The river front, as well as the north and south returns, are nearly completed, and the general effect of the structure is exceedingly graceful. The numerous tiers of statues, the heraldic panels, and the elaborate tracery, arrest the attention and please the eye with their detail and the delicacy of their execution. The Victoria Tower, now also rising,

seems destined to become one of the leading features of this great national undertaking; and in the grand entrance arches, now completed, the detail is more imposing than in any other portion of the edifice. We were gratified to learn that all the figures, heraldic bearings, and ornamental devices in the stonework of the building have been modelled (from sketches by Mr. Barry) and executed under the superintendence of a young self-taught artist, named Thomas, on whom their execution reflects much credit.

THE "ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION."—The annual festival in support of this institution, which is for the relief of the decayed Artists of the United Kingdom, and for affording assistance to their widows and orphans, was celebrated on Saturday last in the usual manner, in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, where, shortly after six o'clock, upwards of 120 gentlemen sat down to a very sumptuous dinner, provided by Mr. Bacon. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. T. Cooke, assisted by Mr. Hatton and Messrs. Hill and Kench, of Westminster Abbey. The Misses Williams also kindly lent their assistance. The chair was filled by Mr. W. R. Collett, M.P.: there were also present Sir W. Ross, R.A.; Mr. D. Roberts, R.A.; Mr. W. Jerdan, Mr. Lucas, Mr. W. Farrow, Mr. Boys, Mr. Graves, Mr. Brockedon, R.A., and many other gentlemen connected with the fine arts and with literature. The subscriptions amounted to upwards of 500l. After partaking for several hours of the good things provided for the occasion, and drinking the usual loyal and appropriate toasts with the honours, the company broke up shortly before eleven o'clock.

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE LOUVRE GALLERY.—The following sculptures from Greece have been placed in the above collection:—A votive basso relievo, representing Theseus, as protecting hero of Attica; a fragment of a frieze, on which is represented a scene of the war of the Amazons; a votive basso relievo, from the island of Creta; Jupiter with Europa, and Cadmus at their sides; a sepulchral stele, representing a young girl bidding farewell to her parents. Of great historical interest are twelve marble fragments, with inscriptions from Mylassa in Caria. They contain some decrees issued by Mausolus, King of Caria, and belong, therefore, to the fourth century before the Christian era.—*The Builder*.

From Paris, we hear of an artistic mission about to be undertaken by M. Paperty in Greece; and a commission given to M. Simart, to execute the model of a full-length statue of the Emperor Napoleon, for a shrine, making part of the tomb which M. Visconti is erecting in the Church of the Invalides. On one hand it is affirmed that the statue is to be of marble; on another we find bronze spoken of, with incrustations of ivory and precious stones.—*Athenæum*.

Mr. Hastie, M.P., has contributed the sum of 100l. towards the establishment of a School of Design at Paisley.

MUSIC.

The Brussels opera company, whose performances gave so much satisfaction last year, are coming over again this season. They are, we hear, in treaty with Mr. Bunn for Drury Lane Theatre.—*Globe*.

Liszt has just given a series of concerts at Vienna, and crowned himself with new laurels. The celebrated pianist had the honour of giving a concert at the court. The Emperor presented him with a handsome ring, set in diamonds with the initials of his Imperial Majesty.

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COLOGNE.—GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL.—(Extract from a private letter.)—A grand musical performance will take place in our ancient city in the month of June next, by the meeting of several Flemish societies of singers, when the society called "Mannergesangerein," of this city, and a great many other German societies, will all contribute to the festival. The celebrated composer and leader, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Director-General of Music to his Majesty the King of Prussia, aided by his Majesty's Director of Music, M. Francis Weber, will manage the musical arrangement of the festival. We are indebted to the liberality of the authorities of our city for the loan of the splendid Gürzenich Hall, where more than 4,000 persons can find room, and a circumstance still more fortunate

is the assent of our provincial government, whose members, as well as other persons of high rank, have declared a most flattering readiness to share the arrangements of the festivals. The Mannergesangerein obtained its first laurels under the guidance of its leader, Mr. Francis Weber, at the great *concours de chant* at Ghent in 1844, and at Brussels in 1845, when the first prizes were awarded to its merits unanimously. At home this society has contributed on every occasion when the poor and the unfortunate called for its assistance: its trips to Belgium, from the Rhine to the Scheldt, which might be called triumphant, produced the most friendly and hearty relations with the Flemings, who will now participate in the festival in great numbers, singing on the first day (the 14th of June) with the German societies, and on the second day each society which thinks itself able to the task performing alone; on the third and fourth days (the 16th and 17th of June) trips are intended upon the Rhine by steamers to that most beautiful point of the Rhine, the Seven Mountains, and by the railroad to Bruhl, where our King entertained for some days in the course of last autumn her British Majesty Queen Victoria. The respective railroad companies, as well as the Cologne Steam Navigation Company, have liberally granted a free passage to the singers; and our citizens will find ample opportunity to confirm the well-founded renown of their sociable hospitality.

A letter from Vienna informs us that M. Liszt has given six concerts in that capital since the 1st of March, and that the pianiste has likewise played before the Court, and been presented by the Emperor with a rich diamond ring, with his Imperial Majesty's cipher. The anniversary festival of the Berlin Philharmonic Society took place in that capital on the 22nd ult. after a fine concert, at which Vieuxtemps and Mendelssohn were in attendance. The Earl of Westmoreland honoured the festival with his presence. A letter from Aix-la-Chapelle of the 28th ult. states that the 23rd grand annual festival of the Rhenish districts will be celebrated this year in that city. The programme of the festival, at which 2,600 performers will assist, will solely consist of ancient works of ecclesiastical music. It will last four days. The King and Queen of Prussia have promised to be present at this festival, which will commence on Wednesday, the 29th of April. Paris letters inform us that it appears certain that the engagement of Madame Eugénie Garcia with the director of the opera is broken off, and she will be replaced by Rossi Caccia, who has lately sung with so much success in Lisbon and London. Madame Rossi Caccia will make her *début* in the part of *La Juive*. An opera in two acts, called *L'Ame en Peine*, will be produced in Paris in a few days. Felicien David's new oratorio, *Moses on Mount Sinai*, has disappointed the expectations to which his ode-symphony of *The Desert* had given rise, and has called some very unfavourable criticism from the Parisian *feuilletonnistes*.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

MAY PEACE BE WITH THEE STILL.

May peace be with thee now,
Thy path be strewn with flowers,
And fancy bring unto thy heart
The warmth of summer hours.
Beauty, and love, and joy, and hope,
Be ministers to thee,
But let no slave of Mammon bend
To thee his supple knee.
Yes, maiden, I would have thee rise
Above the worldly throng,
With thoughts that span the universe,
And feelings deep and strong.
Could all the powers which reign in heaven,
Be servants of my will,
Time should sit lightly on thy heart,
And peace be with thee still.

The rugged world is new to thee,
Thou knowst not all its wiles;
As adders nestle under flowers,
So craft sleeps under smiles.
The False will whisper tales which seem
All honesty and truth,
The Proud will dart a look of scorn
Upon thy humble youth;

The Vain will preach of tinselled things,
As empty as the air,
And if thy bosom be unbarr'd
Will strive to enter there.
But reaping still a mass of good
From out a world of ill,
May time sit lightly on thy heart
And peace be with thee still!

Though time should cloud thy timid eye,
Thy step no more be light,
And age should gather on thee like
The canopy of night;
Though fond ones sit no more around
The fireside of thy home,
And all the loved of olden time
Are sleeping in the tomb;
Yet may'st thou turn unto the past,
And gladly gaze before,
And see an angel's hand draw back
The bolt from glory's door.
I would not that thy faith should be
Sad, desolate, and chill;
But hope's bright image glad thy heart
And peace be with thee still!

Bridgwater.

J. BURRINGTON.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.* FROM UHLAND.

Three rollicking scholars went over the Rhine
To a landlady widow, who kept a sign.
Landlady, have you good beer and wine?
And where is thy daughter dear, landlady mine?
My beer and wine is fresh and clear;
My daughter, fair gentlemen, lies on her bier.
They found the maid in her chamber of death,
In a sable shrine and a mourning wreath.

The first, he lifted the veil from its place,
And looked full upon her with sorrowful face.
"Oh wert thou living, sweet maid, I vow
I'd love thee, and date my love from now!"

The second let fall the veil back on her head,
And wept as he turned from the beautiful dead.
"Alas! that thou liest so pale on the bier,
I loved thee full tenderly many a year!"

The third he lifted once more the veil,
And printed a kiss on the lip so pale!
"I loved thee before, and I love thee to-day,
I'll love thee to-morrow, for ever, and aye!"

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The public are indebted to the artistic skill of a lady, whose works are to be seen at the Polytechnic Institution, for presenting them with a collection of the Sikh chiefs, and of many of those gallant officers whose courage and abilities have been so recently distinguished in the late battles on the Sutlej. The portraits of the Sikh chiefs are particularly characteristic: their features express neither barbarism nor ferocity; they are regular and handsome—so much so, that no one would expect to find in the originals that military enthusiasm and valour which they displayed in the recent conflicts. These portraits are valuable, as they are actual likenesses, and not ideal compositions. The portraits of Sir Robert Sale, Lady Sale, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir Hugh Gough will be readily recognised by every one who has once seen those distinguished personages. This exhibition is at the present moment particularly interesting, since most persons are anxious to make themselves acquainted with every thing connected with our victories in India.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT. NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

* The landlady's daughter is supposed to typify the corpse of German freedom, as regarded differently by three classes of patriots.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillipe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of *THE CRITIC* will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.—Professor Nichol has written to the editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, that the nebular hypothesis is no longer tenable. The ground of Sir William Herschel's opinion, he says, was this, that many dim spots existed in the sky whose irresolvability could not be accounted for, without a supposed break in a line of induction that otherwise seemed continuous. The chief of these spots was the nebula in Orion. Lord Rosse writes me:—"I think I may safely say that there can be little, if any, doubt as to the resolvability of the nebula." Referring to unfavourable circumstances, he adds, "All about the trapezium is a mass of stars, the rest of the nebula also abounding with stars, and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked." Without doubt, then, the nebular hypothesis must be abandoned.

The Chinese make the sheets of the tea chest lead in the following manner:—"Two men have cauldrons of melted lead constantly ready; one sets beside a smooth flat stone, several feet across, with another flat stone to wield when necessary. The other man pours out a quantity of the melted lead on the stationary stone, when the moveable stone is instantly placed upon it, pressing it out into a thin sheet; they are made rapidly."

A GOOD IDEA.—A gentleman living near the Schuylkill river has hit upon a novel and less troublesome method of getting ice. He has a pipe laid along his lot with a number of branches, which conducts the Schuylkill water to perpendicular pipes, with revolving arms. The arms in turning slowly throw out water in small jets, which freeze as fast as it falls, and makes large circular cakes of ice around them, of several inches thickness every night. All the labour and expense of cutting and carting ice from the river or pond are thus avoided, and the ice-houses are readily filled.—*New York Mirror*.

A MUSICAL BED.—The last novelty from Germany is a musical bed, which receives the weary body and immediately "laps it in Elysium." It is an invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that by means of hidden mechanism, pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontoni, with drums and cymbals, and, in short, with noise enough to

rouse the seven sleepers. This unique bed becomes, therefore, the *ne plus ultra* for the wakeful as well as the sluggish.

PRAYING MACHINES.—On the high-roads in Japan, every mountain and cliff is consecrated to some divinity, to whom travellers are required to address long prayers; but as this would require much time, many have adopted the custom of writing some form of prayer, and elevating the same on a simple sort of wind-wheel, and the top of a staff, so that the wind may keep it in motion, which is deemed equivalent to a repetition of the prayer.

MECHANICAL CHIROGRAPHER.—We witnessed, a few days since, the operations of the last effort of Yankee ingenuity, in the form of a machine, by which our thoughts can be conveyed to paper, not by the usual method, but in such a manner that the blind and those who may have lost the use of their hands may become expert chirographists. We have rarely seen an invention which has afforded us so much gratification, because its utility is so strikingly apparent, and it supplies a desideratum so long needed. To the blind, such an instrument is a positive blessing; their darkness has already been cheered by the ability to read, and now they may enjoy the additional happiness of conveying to distant friends the thoughts and feelings of the heart, without the aid of an amanuensis. This fact is, of itself, sufficient to give to the machine in question a degree of importance over many of the inventions of the day. No description we could give would enable any one to form an idea of the means by which the result is obtained, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The operator sits down before the machine, which resembles, in some degree, a cottage piano, having a row of keys corresponding with the letters of the alphabet, figures from one to nine, and the marks for punctuation. Having placed the sheet of paper in an upright frame, through which it traverses from right to left, he then touches the key of the letter required, and a pen in front of the paper traces it in small roman capitals as quickly as a person could write it. There is another key to make the spaces between the words, and likewise one, which being pressed in conjunction with another, makes the letter at the beginning of the word, if desired, larger than the rest. The machine is so constructed that when the paper has traversed its proper limits, it is forced back to its original position, raised sufficiently high to leave the necessary space between the lines, without any effort on the part of the operator. The proprietor, we believe, has gone to Washington, for the purpose of securing letters patent; and we have no doubt that his ingenuity will secure for him a rich reward.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of *THE CRITIC* sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has just made known, by an ukase, that the rights of all property acquired from the produce of the fine arts are fixed during the whole life of the artists, and for twenty-five years after their decease, for the benefit of their heirs.

THE REJECTION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S SUIT.—A story has been in circulation in relation to the rejection of the suit of Louis by a young lady of Philadelphia, when he was in this country in the capacity of a schoolmaster. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, who appears to be familiar with the fact, says:—"The lady alluded to in Philadelphia was the late aunt to Lady Ashburton, and sister to her mother Mrs. B. whose husband was a senator in the United States. At his house I often met with the Prince. I learned from Mrs. B. that he had a passion for her sister, and it is possible she may have returned it, but this was never mentioned. Agreeably to European custom, he applied to her father, the late venerable president of the first bank of the United States for his consent to address her. The old gentleman, at the head of respectable

society in Philadelphia, and a widower at the time, objected to the match, saying that he felt the honour of such an application, but that the disparity of rank was such that, should he consent to his marriage with his daughter, and afterwards (which he had no doubt might be the case) if he was permitted to return to France, and resume his rank, he might be compelled by his peculiar situation, as of the royal blood of France, to repudiate his daughter, to comply with obligations to ally himself with higher rank abroad; and therefore as he would prefer his daughter marrying an American of her own standing in society, he must decline the honour of so distinguished an alliance. On receiving this answer, the Duke of Orleans had the good sense to approve of the sentiment, though opposed to his passion; and the lady herself, like a dutiful daughter, submitted to the decision of her father, though evidently disposed to favour the suit of the Prince.

TRANSFER OF THE AUGSBURG GAZETTE.—The project of Baron de Cotta to transfer the publication of the *Augsburg Gazette* into Wurtemberg, so as to avoid the strict censorship it has to undergo in Bavaria, is about to be carried into execution. M. de Cotta has fixed upon Connstadt, about two miles distant from Stuttgart, and he has purchased the great printing establishment of M. Spreudler, which contains most excellent printing presses, worked by water power, for which the new proprietor intends to substitute steam.

A convention of editors lately assembled in Indiana, when resolutions were passed, that in their conduct towards each other they would behave like gentlemen—eschew personalities, and avoid offensive language. A very sensible resolution.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAGIARISMS.—Mr. Emerson stated in his lectures on "Shakspeare," delivered lately in Boston, that of 6,043 lines written by Shakspeare, in his various plays, 1,751 were taken from the writings of his predecessors, 2,374 were lines founded on the writings of others, and only 1,840 were strictly his own! Wonder who the other authors were?

OPINIONS OF THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—We have much pleasure in stating the estimation in which we hold *THE CRITIC*, as a book of reference for the Trade and the librarian; independent of the gratification its numerous extracts and other intelligence afford. It supplies a desideratum long felt; and we are happy to perceive that the success attending the work has enabled its spirited publishers to enlarge its size, without increasing its cost to the general reader.—We are, Sir, yours, &c.

J. E. MONTGOMERY and Co.

Dumfries, April 3, 1846.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From April 4 to April 11.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of *THE CRITIC*, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in *THE CRITIC*. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bench Formulist, a Directory for Justices of the Peace, 18s. cl.—Bohn's Standard Library, Vols. V. and VI. "Simond's Literature of Europe," by Roscoe, 2 vols. 2 portraits, post 8vo. 7s. cl.

Cooper's Novels, People's Edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Choice Gatherings for Christian Children, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Cobbin's (Ingram) School Hand-Book to Holy Bible, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Churton's English County Calendar, post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series, Vol. VIII. "Life of Canning," by R. Bell, crown 8vo. 7s. cl.—Chit-Chat, new edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Gaithabaud's Ancient and Modern Architecture, Vol. II. 4to. cl. 2l. 12s. 6d.—German Fairy Tales and Popular Tales, told by Gammer Grethel, trans. by Edgar Taylor, illustrations by Cruikshank, 7s. 6d. cl.—Guide for the Writing Desk; or, Young Author's and Secretary's Friend, 18mo. 2s. cl. gilt.—Grimaldi's (Joseph, the Clown) Memoirs, edit. by Box, with Additions and Notes, by Whitehead, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Gibbon's

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with Notes, by Rev. H. H. Milman, 2nd edit. 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s. cl.

Holt's Poems, Rural and Miscellaneous, cl. 3s.

Imaginations and Imitations, by "Hope," demy 8vo. 14s. cl.

Love, War, and Adventure, Tales by H. Harkness, 3 vols.

31s. 6d. bds.—Laennec's (R. T. H.) Treatise on Auscultation, with Notes by Dr. Herbert and Dr. Ramadge, col. plates, 8vo. 18s. cl.—Lectures to Young Men on Missions, 8vo. 6s. cl.

My Own A, B, C, 24 illustrations, by J. Sutcliffe, 16mo. 1s. 6d. plain, and 2s. 6d. coloured.—Mamma's Lessons, 9th edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. col. cl.

Peter Parley's Book of Poetry, new edit. square 16mo. 2s. cl.—Parlour Novelist, Vol. III. "The Chateau d'If," by A. Dumas, 12mo. 2s. swd. 2s. 6d. cl.—Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—Phillips's (B.) Scrofula; its Nature, Causes, Prevalence, and Principles, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Queen's Lieges (The), a Novel, 4 vols. 2l. 2s. bds.

Stories of Edward and his Little Friends, by the Author of "Holly Grange," 16mo. plain, 3s. 6d.; col. 4s. 6d. cl.—Smith's (A.) Physiology of Evening Parties, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Steinbach's (Lieut.-Col.) Punjab, 2nd edit. revised to the latest date, with Map, post 8vo. 5s. cl.

Townley on Second Advent, crown 8vo. 3s. swd. 4s. cl.—Thomson's (Mrs.) Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745, Vol. III. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Transactions of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, Vol. XIV. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Tacti Germania, Latine, English Notes, by Hickie, crown 8vo. 4s. bds.—Taylor's (Dr. W. C.) Modern British Plutarch, 12mo. 6s. cl.

Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth, new edit. by Catty, 12mo. 4s. roan.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of *THE CRITIC*, stating prices.

Title and Index to Gardener's Gazette for 1843.

The whole or any one of the vols. of Jones's Diamond Cabinet Edition of Select British Poets, 12mo. 1825, except the vol. containing Milton, Cowper, Thomson, Gray, Akenside, &c. &c. Curwen's Hints on Agricultural Subjects, 8vo.

Tull's (Jethro.) Work on Drill Husbandry.

Pharmaceutical Journal, Part I. to —, in vols. or in numbers. Bucke's Beauties and Harmonies of Nature, 4 vols. 8vo.

1821, vol. 3, in calf or boards.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

GOOD NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Good night!

To each weary toil-worn wight;
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully till morning light.
Good night!

Home to rest!

Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "Haste!
Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep!

Eden's breezes round ye sweep:
O'er the peace forsaken lover
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep,
Sweetly sleep!

So, good night!

Slumber on till morning light;
Slumber, till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night.

THE PARSON'S TOAST.—Lord Cliffe, one day after dinner asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in the East-India Company's service for a toast, who, after considering some time, at length exclaimed, with great simplicity, "Alas and a-lack a day! what can I give?" "Nothing better," replied his lordship, "Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast—a lass and a lack a day!"

AN OLD COAT.—The *Salem Gazette* says that Mr. Littlefield has found under one of the pews in the East Church, a coat which evidently belonged to one of the carpenters employed in erecting the house, a hundred and twenty-eight years ago. It is a specimen of old-fashioned economy, having more patches upon it than could be found upon a troop of beggars at the present day. In one of the pockets was a gimlet and a piece of chalk, and in the other, a cotton handkerchief in perfect preservation.

THE ARMY OF THE SUTLEJ.—There is one little circumstance connected with a portion of this gallant army of so touching a character that we cannot forego the delight of recording it in our columns. Amidst the din of battles and the wild hurrahs of victory, the wail of distress from his native land reached the Irish soldier on the remote banks of the Sutlej. His heart responded to the call, and within a few days the Irish soldiers subscribed no less than 840*l.* to the relief of their fellow-countrymen; and this sum they placed in the hands of their veteran commander Sir Hugh Gough, himself an Irishman, for transmission to the scene of distress. Having thus discharged their duty to the God of Charity, they went with lighter spirits to the stern performance of their military duties to their Sovereign and their country.—*Observer.*

A NOVEL APPLICATION.—A petition was recently presented in the Ohio Legislature from John Noel, of Jackson county, praying that George Robebaugh be divorced from his wife, and that she be given to petitioner, in pursuance of a previous contract of marriage.

An Irishwoman called at an oilman's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and have done with it?" said the oilman. "Och, bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. **NEITHER CAN WE UNDER-TAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATEVER.**

A CHEERFUL SUBSCRIBER (Belfast).—The plan suggested to be re-adopted was found a most inconvenient one; hence the change.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, ENGRAVING, &c. &c. containing 28 pages or 84 columns, extensively illustrated by ENGRAVINGS—ONE SHILLING, MONTHLY.

THE ART-UNION, Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts, the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, and Record of British Manufacture.

Established in January 1839.

THE ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight Monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as "ably and impartially conducted;" as "admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;" and as "at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claim upon all lovers of Art." Similar recommendations have emanated from the foreign press; in *Galignani* it has been commended for "sound taste and judgment;" and by the *Kunstblatt* (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as "a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art."

The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to families in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the Student in Drawing it may prove a most desirable aid, and to Schools a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divest criticism of confusing and cumbrous technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partisanship as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1846; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining "sets," several of the Parts having been "out of print."

To Manufacturers, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers, and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the Useful Arts by subjecting them to the influence of the Fine Arts, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the mercantile value of the various productions of British industry.

In order to communicate facts so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by Explanatory Woodcuts. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and the mercantile value of the useful arts be augmented by the aid of the fine arts.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to show that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste, elegance, and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general use, which may be made subservient to the judicious education of the eye and mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

Thus publicity is given, as far as the influence of the Journal extends, to any improvement introduced into the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the continent. While, however, the foreign producer admits our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with mingled triumph and scorn to the forms of our productions. But a time is approaching when we may surpass the foreign competitor in design as much as we have hitherto excelled him in material.

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine-Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices require the aid of explanatory woodcuts, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We may thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward, while exciting a more general desire to achieve excellence.

Hitherto the manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his productions had been subjected; for the public journals have completely overlooked the silent but powerful instructors which emanate from the factories of Great Britain.

The present period is auspicious for our purpose; the establishment of Schools of Design in the leading manufacturing towns of the kingdom is producing the best results; and the boon recently accorded by the Legislature to the manufacturer, by enabling him to register his improvements, secures him from piracy. We have made such arrangements—during a recent tour in the manufacturing districts—as will enable us to procure copies of the best designs, at the time they are registered, and which we shall as early as possible afterwards, communicate to the public.

Orders may be given through any Bookseller, or direct to the Publishers,

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND,

To whom all communications for the Editor may be addressed.

THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED BY

HOLLOWAY'S PILL.—An astounding Cure by this Miraculous Medicine, after every other means had failed.

A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Mesaine, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845.

"To Professor Holloway.—Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad or Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of the ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.—I remain, with much respect, your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed)

"ALDBOROUGH."

Time should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following

Ague	Consumption	Inflammation	Stone and gravel
Asthma	Debility	Jaundice	Tic-douloureux
Bilious complaints	Dropsy	Liver complaints	Tumours
Blotches on the skin	Dysentery	Lumbago	Ulcers
Bowel complaints	Erysipelas	Piles	Worms of all kinds
Colic	Fever of all kinds	Rheumatism	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Constipation of bowels	Fits	Serofula, or king's evil	
	Gout	Sore throats	
	Headache		
	Indigestion		

These truly invaluable pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple-bar, London, and of most respectable vendors of medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices—*s.* 1*l.* 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* 4*s.* 6*d.* 1*l.* 1*l.* 2*s.* and 3*s.* each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B. Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Businesses for Sale.

STATIONERY, Berlin Wool, &c.—To be DISPOSED OF, a BUSINESS in the above line, capable of great extension, in an improving neighbourhood. A satisfactory reason will be given for the proprietor's leaving. The coming-in, for fixtures, stock, &c. including library of 800 volumes, about 80*l*.

Apply (if by letter, post paid) to H. B. at 3, Aldenham-terrace, Old St. Pancras-road, Somers-town.

TO FANCY STATIONERS and Others.—To be DISPOSED OF, an established BUSINESS in the Stationery and Bookselling trades. The shop is judiciously fitted up, the returns are increasing, and the neighbourhood highly respectable. About 250*l*. required.

Apply to Mr. J. H. Page, auctioneer and valuer to the trade, 8, Pancras-lane, City.

NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.—To be DISPOSED OF, the highly respectable and old-established NEWSPAPER BUSINESS, carried on at 92, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, the proprietor being about to engage in a different trade. The present affords a most desirable opportunity for a respectable investment.

For further particulars apply personally (or by letter, pre-paid) to Mr. Long, solicitor, 56, Clarendon-square, Euston-square.

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